



Wm. H. Johnson
Hymn Book

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THE
LYRICA:

A COLLECTION OF

PSALMS, HYMNS,
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS,

ADAPTED TO
GENERAL USE.

BY S. WILLIAMS,
Pastor of the 1st Baptist Church.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Compiler of this volume, having no other object in view, in its publication, than to facilitate the praises of Him who is "fearful in praises," has no apology to offer for adding one more to the many already extant. On the subject of hymnology, however, he would respectfully state, that it has often occurred to him, that many authors and compilers have rather intended to instruct in doctrines, and narrate events in the life of the pious dead, than to provide suitable sentiment and language to express and excite those emotions which are kindled by the Spirit of God. However important it is to be enlightened in doctrinal truth, and instructed by the example of departed worthies; and although there should be nothing contrary to the one, or that would counteract the influence of the other, yet he is convinced that poetry is not the appropriate channel through which to convey this kind of knowledge. In some preparations of this kind, there are also pieces that resemble parodies of amorous ditties, more than sacred psalmody; and would seem as suitable for any thing else

as the serious worship of God. The object of poetry is obviously to express and excite emotion—the object of sacred poetry to express and excite holy emotion. The sentiments and style should be adapted to this end—the sentiments highly devout—the style plain, and the meaning of the words easily perceived,—so that the full soul may pour forth in impassioned strains the praises of the Most High, and bring into vibration the strings of every heart around it. “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name, who redeemeth thy life from destruction,” &c. “Bless the Lord, all ye his hosts,” &c. Ps. 103.

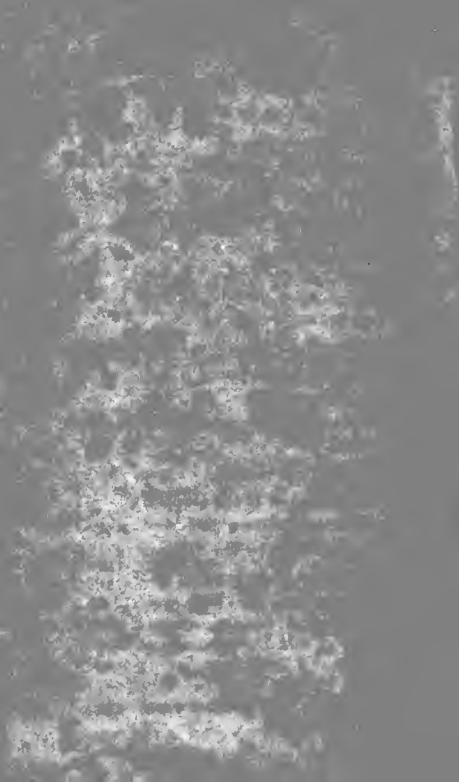
How far he has succeeded in selecting hymns more strictly lyrical in their character, more chaste and devout in sentiment, and simple in style, the Christian public will decide. He has dispensed with indexes found in some books, deeming the index of the first lines referring to the page, together with the running title of the hymns, sufficient for every purpose. To the blessing of God, and favorable regard of the pious, he commends it.

SAMUEL WILLIAMS.

PITTSBURGH, June, 1834.

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H Y M N S.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

1 C. M.

Revelation Welcomed.

- 1 HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing o'er the mental world,
The healing beams of light.
- 2 Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.
- 3 Oh! send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

2 C. M.

- 1 GREAT God! with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look,
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;

Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

- 3 Lord, make me understand thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

3

C. M.

- 1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp, its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

4

L. M.

Divine Authority of the Bible.

- 1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word—and must endure.

5 C. M.

The Bible the Light of the World.

- 1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives—but borrows none.
- 2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise—but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

6 L. M.

*The Books of Nature and Scripture compared;
or, the glory and success of the Gospel.*

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the earth thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

7

C. M.

The Word of God is the Saint's Portion; or, the excellency and variety of Scripture.

- 1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight.

While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hopes beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

8 C. M.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun—a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!—
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

9 C. M.

1 OH how I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight:

And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word:
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And through my weary pilgrimage,
Yield me a heavenly song.

10

C. M.

1 OPPRESSED with guilt, and full of fears,
I come to thee, my Lord;
While not a ray of hope appears,
But in thy holy word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief dispel;
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
And learn to do his will.

3 Here living water freely flows,
To cleanse me from my sin;
'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

4 Oh may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

5 When nature sinks—and spirits droop—
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

11

L. M.

Existence of God manifest from his works

- 1 THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
 Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
 See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
 When earliest beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
 Throughout the world's extended frame,
 Inscribes, in characters of light,
 His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
 And trace creation's wonders o'er,
 Confess the footsteps of your God;—
 Bow down before him—and adore.

12

C. M.

Eternity of God.

- 1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!—
 What worthless worms are we!—
 Let all the race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made:
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in thy view:

To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

- 4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

13

- C. M.

God the Creator.

- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee all thy creatures sing;
While with thy name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace ring.
- 2 Thy hand—how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkliug gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 4 Almighty power, and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.
- 5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our warmer passions move;
Here we behold our Saviour's face,
And we adore his love.

14

C. M.

- 1 THE God of nature and of grace,
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.
- 2 How excellent, O Lord, thy name,
In all creation's lines!
Spread through eternity, thy fame
With rising lustre shines.
- 3 Millions before thy presence stand,
Who feel, while they adore,
Fulness of joy, at thy right hand,
And pleasures evermore.

15

L. M.

- 1 NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing
Her great Creator and her King:
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne,
Begin to make his glories known,
Tune high your harps, and spread the sound
Throughout creation's utmost bound.
- 3 Oh! may our ardent zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs;
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.
- 4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame,
Attempts in vain to reach thy name:
The highest notes that angels raise,
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

16

L. M.

God self-existent and immutable-

- 1 ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.
- 2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being! Source of good!
Immutable dost thou remain; -
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will:
But thou forever art the same;
"I AM" is thy memorial still.

17

C. M.

God almighty and omnipresent.

- 1 GREAT God, thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers:
With awe profound my wondering soul
Falls prostrate, and adores.
- 2 To be encompassed round with God,
The holy and the just;
Armed with omnipotence to save,
Or crumble me to dust—
- 3 Oh, how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be impressed!

And may thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast!

- 4 Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread;
And thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
Of glory on my head.

18

C M.

- 1 WHERE'ER, through all his works, we send
Our roving eyes abroad,
The various objects all conspire
To lead our souls to God;—
- 2 That God, whose word all nature formed,
Whose eye all nature sees;
Whose hand all nature rules, sustains,
Or crushes, as he please;—
- 3 Before whose high and dazzling throne
Myriads of angels bow;
Whose smile is everlasting bliss,
Whose frown is endless wo.
- 4 Low at his feet, then, O my soul,
In prostrate homage fall;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy trust,
Thy joy, thy God, thy all.

19

C. M.

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.

- 1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks—my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 Oh! wondrous knowledge—deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

20

C. M.

God searching the heart.

- 1 GOD is a spirit—just, and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to Heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our hearts behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies;
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
 And make my soul sincere;
 Then shall I stand before thy face,
 And find acceptance there.

21

L. M.

Wisdom and knowledge of God.

- 1 AWAKE, my tongue—thy tribute bring
 To him who gave thee power to sing;
 Praise him, who is all praise above,
 The source of wisdom and of love.
- 2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
 A depth where all our thoughts are drowned!
 The stars he numbers—and their names
 He gives to all those heavenly flames.
- 3 Through each bright world above, behold
 Ten thousand thousand charms unfold:
 Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
 To speak his wisdom all divine.
- 4 But in redemption, oh, what grace!
 Its wonders, oh, what thought can trace!
 Here wisdom shines forever bright—
 Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

22

L. M.

Goodness of God.

- 1 INDULGENT Lord, thy goodness reigns
 Through all the wide, celestial plains;
 And thence its streams redundant flow,
 And cheer th' abodes of men below.
- 2 Through nature's works its glories shine,
 The cares of providence are thine;

And grace erects our ruined frame,
A fairer temple to thy name.

- 3 Oh! give to every human heart
To taste and feel how good thou art!
With grateful love and holy fear,
To know how blest thy children are.
- 4 Let nature burst into a song;
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong;
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise!

23

S. M.

God our Creator and Benefactor.

- 1 MY Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
And thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.
- 4 Lord, what can I impart,
When all is thine before;
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas! how poor!
- 5 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?

Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

6 Oh let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

24

C. M.

1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring, whose blessings never fail—
A sea without a shore!

2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love declare
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain, the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

25

C. M.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,

Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed;
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

26

C. M.

1 LONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In brighter worlds above.

2 Great is the Lord—his power unknown,
Oh let his praise be great;

I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men who hear my sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall tell thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 The world is governed by thy hand,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

27 C. M.

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high—but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through all the earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!—
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

4 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;

Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

28

C. M.

- 1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy powerful hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 3 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.
- 4 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

29

L. M.

Praise to God for his perfections and providence.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord—my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

- 3 His truth forever stands secure;
 He saves the oppressed—he feeds the poor,
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless.
- 4 He loves the saints—he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell;—
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

30 L. P. M.

- 1 I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 How blest the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God—he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train;
 His truth forever stands secure;
 He saves the oppressed—he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 I'll praise him, while he lends me breath:
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

31 L. M.

- 1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
 From distant worlds, where creatures dwell:

- Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.
- 2 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 3 Jehovah!—'tis a glorious word!
Oh! may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 4 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord:
From all below—and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

32

S. M.

- 1 LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays;
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame:
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.
- 4 By all his works above,
His honors be expressed;

But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

33

C. M.

God is Love.

- 1 AMID the splendors of thy state,
O God, thy love appears,
Soft as the radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.
- 2 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,
In every work thy hands have framed,
Thy love supremely shines.
- 3 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thine awful name;
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.
- 4 Angels and men, the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above,
And all with holy transport sing
That God the Lord is love.

34

L. M.

Condescension of God.

- 1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God—I dwell on high;
Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 "But I descend to worlds below;
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

- 3 "The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind."
- 4 Lord, may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die:
Then shall our grateful voice declare,
How free thy tender mercies are.

35

C. M.

- 1 FAITHFUL, O Lord, thy mercies are;
A Rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 2 Throughout the universe it reigns,
It stands forever sure;
And while thy truth, O God, remains,
Thy goodness shall endure.

36

C. M.

Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 FATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.
- 2 Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransomed with his own,
And died to make our peace.
- 3 To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given;

Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

- 4 Let men with their united voice
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honors—and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.
- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise;
Let saints, in earth and heaven, combine
In harmony and praise.

37

C. M.

Incomprehensibleness of God.

- 1 HOW wondrous great—how glorious bright
Must our Creator be!
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light,
Of an eternal day!
- 2 Our soaring spirits upwards rise
Toward his celestial throne;
Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the almighty One.
- 3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And mounts above the skies:
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grovelling reason lies!
- 4 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore;
Thy power we feel—thy glory see,
Thy mercy we implore.
- 5 With humble notes we raise the song
To heaven's almighty King,

While angels tune their nobler powers,
And sweep th' immortal string.

38

L. M.

Majesty and Dominion of God.

- 1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame!
What mortal verse can reach the theme!
- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines,
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
'Till listening worlds shall join the song!

39

H. M.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine | No mortal eye
With beams so bright, | Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
Still keep the world in awe;

His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;

And where his love | His truth confirms
Resolves to bless, | And seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works

Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,

And breaks their cursed designs;
Strong is his arm, | His great decrees,
And shall fulfil | His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King

Of glory condescend?

And will he write his name,

'My father and my friend?—

I love his name! | Join all my powers,

I love his word! | And praise the Lord.

40

C. M.

Holiness of God.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;

'Thrice holy Lord,' the angels cry—

'Thrice holy,' let us sing!

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,

Pay, O my soul, to God;

Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart,

To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,

Whom words nor thoughts can reach;

A contrite heart shall please him more

Than noblest forms of speech.

- 4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.
-

PROVIDENCE AND GOVERNMENT OF GOD.

41

C. M.

Sovereign Purposes of God.

- 1 KEEP silence—all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 His providence unfolds his book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf—and every stroke,
Fulfil some deep design.
- 4 My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 5 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh may I find my name,

Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord—the Lamb.

42

C. M.

Purposes of God developed by his Providence.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep, in unfathomable mines,
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy—and shall break
With blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

43

C. M.

The Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 THY way, O Lord, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.
- 2 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:—
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?
- 3 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

44

L. M.

All nations exhorted to adoration and praise.

- 1 WITH one consent, let all the earth.
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 Oh enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.
- 4 For he's the Lord—supremely good,
His mercy is forever sure;

His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

45

S. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord most high;
Let every land adore;
With grateful heart and voice make known.
His goodness and his power.
- 2 Enter his courts with joy;
With fear address the Lord;
'Twas he, who formed us with his hand,
And quickened by his word.
- 3 His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give;
We're guarded by his daily care,
And on his bounty live.
- 4 Good is the Lord our God;
His truth and mercy sure;
And while eternity shall last,
His promises endure.

46

C. M.

Almighty Power and Majesty of God.

- 1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might;
The winds obey his will;
He speaks—and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves—and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar!
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

- 3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine!
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

47

C. M.

God our Creator and Preserver.

- 1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey;
Lord, 'tis thy work—I own thy hand
That built my humble clay.
- 2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands,
Thy thoughts of love reveal.
- 3 And when I count thy mercies o'er,
They fill me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.
- 4 These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
Oh! may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee!

48

L. M.

Providential Goodness celebrated.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God—he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts—his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 He feeds and clothes us all the way;
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.
- 3 Oh let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.



FALL AND NATURAL CHARACTER OF MAN.

49

S. M.

Hope from the Gospel only.

- 1 GOD'S holy law, transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Burdened with guilt—with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.
- 2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works, which we have done;
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found

In Jesus' precious blood:

'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

4 High lifted on the cross,

The spotless victim dies:—

This is salvation's only source—
Hence all our hopes arise.

50

S. M.

Christ a Light in Darkness.

1 HOW heavy is the night

That hangs upon our eyes—

Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread

To meet the wrath of Heaven;—

But in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure

Are all our thoughts and ways:

His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree

To hold our souls in vain;

He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways,

To bring us near to God;

Thy sovereign power—thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

51

C. M.

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day!
- 2 With pitying eyes the prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw—and oh, amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels! assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold:
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

52

C. M.

- 1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin—how deep it stains!
And Satan holds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But hark! a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word—

‘Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.’

- 3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord:
Oh help my unbelief.
- 4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all.

53

L. M.

- 1 BURIED in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;—
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears:—
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing “the Lord our righteousness.”

54

L. M.

Grief for the Sins and Miseries of Men.

- 1 ARISE, my tender thoughts, arise;
Let torrents drown my weeping eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human beings sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus’ name;
See God insulted through his Son,
The world abused—the soul undone.

- 3 My heart with reverence hears thy word,
And trembles at thy threatenings, Lord;
I know the wretched, dreadful end,
To which their careless steps descend.
- 4 But feeble my compassion proves,
It can but weep, where most it loves;
Great God, thy saving grace employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.
-

MORAL LAW.

55

L. M.

Love to God and our Neighbor.

- 1 THUS saith the first, the great command,
'Let all thy inward powers unite
'To love thy Maker and thy God,
'With utmost vigor and delight.
- 2 'Then shall thy neighbor next in place
'Share thine affections and esteem,
'And let thy kindness to thyself
'Measure and rule thy love to him.'
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove,
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfil'd by love.
- 4 But, oh! how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!

Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

56

L. M.

The universal Law of Equity.

- 1 BLESSED Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine,
'To do to all men just the same
'As we expect or wish from them.'
- 2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor memory pain;
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.
- 3 How blest would every nation be,
Thus rul'd by love and equity!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.
- 4 Jesus, forgive us, that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep;
No more let envy, wrath, and pride,
But thy blest maxims be our guide.

57

L. M.

The Law and Gospel distinguished.

- 1 THE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;

Only the gospel can express
 Forgiving love and cleansing grace,

3 What curses doth the law denounce
 Against the man that fails but once!
 But in the gospel Christ appears
 Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
 Thy life and comfort from the law,
 Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
 The man that trusts the promise lives.

58

S. M.

The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.

1 THE Lord declares his will,
 And keeps the world in awe;
 Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
 Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals his face,
 And smiling from above
 Sends down the gospel of his grace,
 Th' epistles of his love.

3 These sacred words impart
 Our Maker's just commands;
 The pity of his melting heart,
 And vengeance of his hands.

4 We read the heavenly word,
 We take the offer'd grace,
 Obey the statutes of the Lord,
 And trust his promises.

- 5 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine;
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.
-

GOSPEL.

59

C. M.

A blessed Gospel.

- 1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

60

S. M.

God's Purpose of Mercy.

- 1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
Mercy and justice are the names
By which he will be known.

- 2 Ye dying souls, that sit
 In darkness and distress,
 Look from the borders of the pit
 To his recovering grace.
- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
 Their thankful tongues shall own,
 Their righteousness and strength are found
 In thee, O Lord, alone.
- 4 In thee shall Israel trust,
 And see their guilt forgiven;
 Thou wilt pronounce the sinners just,
 And take the saints to heaven.

61 L. M.

Object of Christ's Advent.

- 1 Not to condemn the sons of men,
 Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
 No weapons in his hands are seen,
 No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
 He loved the race of man so well,
 He sent his Son to bear our load
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
 Trust in his mighty name, and live;
 A thousand joys his lips afford,
 His hands a thousand blessings give.

62 C. M.

- 1 COME, happy souls—approach your God
 With new, melodious songs;

Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange—so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform—
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy—all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, come and heal your wounds;
Come, wipe your sorrows dry;
Come, trust the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

63

S. M.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,

And bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

64 H. M.

Proclamation of the Gospel.

1 HARK—hark—the notes of joy,
Roll o'er the heavenly plains!
And seraphs find employ,
For their sublimest strains.

Some new delight in heaven is known,
Loud ring the harps around the throne.

2 Hark—hark—the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend,

He comes to bless our fallen race,
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear—bear the tidings round,
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show.—
Ye winds that blow—ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole!

4 Strike—strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And bud his grace proclaim.
Angels and men, wake every string,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing!

65

C M.

The Gospel hailed.

1 Salvation!—oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hel's dark door we lay;—
But wearise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

66

L. M.

The Gospel originating in Sovereign Mercy.

- 1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
Here love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 4 Oh! grant us grace, almighty Lord!
To read, and mark thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

67

C. M.

Salvation by Grace.

- 1 Lord we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, oh my soul, forever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;

- But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God,
That all our hopes begin:
'Tis by the water, and the blood,
Our souls are washed from sin.
- 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Raised from the dead, we live anew:
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

68

S. M.

- 1 GRACE!—'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all its steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road:
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:

It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

69

C. M.

The divine Character exhibited in the Gospcl.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.
- 3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;—
- 4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone—
The justice or the grace.
- 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 6 Oh, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

The Jubilee.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, &c.
- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, &c.
- 4 Ye bankrupt debtors, know
The sovereign grace of heaven;
Though sums immense ye owe,
A free discharge is given:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, &c.
- 5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:

The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, &c.

- 6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

CHRIST.

71

L. M.

Nativity of the Saviour.

- 1 WAKE, O my soul, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Saviour's born;
See, how the angels wing their way,
To usher in the glorious day!
- 2 Hark! what sweet music—what a song—
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!
Sweet song—whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptured, listening heart.
- 3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
Glory to God, who reigns on high;
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round.

72

C. M.

- 1 Joy to the world—the Lord is come!—
Let earth receive her King;

Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world—the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods—rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

73

7s

1 HARK!—the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!”

2 Joyful all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th’ angelic host proclaim,
“Christ is born in Bethlehem.”

3 Mild, he lays his glory by;
Born, that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

4 Veiled in flesh—the Godhead see,
Hail th’ incarnate Deity;

Pleased as man with men t' appear,
See the great Immanuel here.

- 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

74 8s & 7s

- 1 HARK!—what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

- 2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest—glory!
Glory be to God most high!

- 3 Peace on earth—good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found."
"Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven"—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

- 4 Christ is born, the great anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

- 5 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name—and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!

75 S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD! the grace appears,
The blessing promised long;

Angels announce the Saviour near,
In this triumphant song:

2 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men—to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth!"

3 In worship so divine
Let men employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs—

4 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men—to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth!"

76

C. M

1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known,
To wake the cheerful song.

2 Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert join—
To us a Saviour's born.

4 Glory to God! in highest strains,
In highest words be paid:

His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed,

77

S. M.

- 1 WE come with joyful song,
To hail this happy morn:
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
"This day is Jesus born!"
- 2 What transports doth his name
To sinful men afford!
His glorious titles we proclaim—
A Saviour—Christ—the Lord!
- 3 Glory to God on high,
All hail the happy morn:
We join the anthems of the sky—
And sing—"The Saviour's born!"

78

8s 7s & 4s.

Call to worship the new-born Saviour.

- 1 ANGELS! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship——
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the heavenly light:
Come and worship——
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 3 Saints! before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In his temple shall appear:
 Come and worship——
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 Sinners! wrung with true repentance,
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now revokes the sentence,
 Mercy calls you, break your chains;
 Come and worship——
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

79

8s & 7s.

Christ welcomed as a Saviour.

- 1 HAIL, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free!
 From our sins and fears release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the saints, thou art;
 Long desired of every nation,
 Joy of every waiting heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, yet God our King,
 Born to reign in us forever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

80

C. M.

Design of Christ's Advent.

- 1 HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes—the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppressed with night—
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes—the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

81

C. M.

Names of Christ.

- 1 TO us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given:
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.
- 4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given—
The Wonderful the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

82

S. M.

- 1 REJOICE in Jesus' birth!
To us a Son is given,
To us a Child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heaven!
- 2 He reigns above the sky,
This universe sustains—
The God supreme—the Lord most high,
The king Messiah reigns!
- 3 Th' almighty God—is he,
Author of heavenly bliss!
The Father of Eternity,
The glorious Prince of Peace!
- 4 His government shall grow,
From strength to strength proceed;
His righteousness the church o'erflow,
And all the earth o'erspread.

83

L. M.

Deity and humanity of Christ.

- 1 BEFORE the heavens were spread abroad,
From everlasting was the word;
With God he was—the Word was God!
And must divinely be adored.
- 2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported, all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars;
His generation who can tell,
Or count the number of his years?
- 4 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms:
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son:
How full of truth—how full of grace!
When in his eyes the Godhead shone.
- 6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

84

L. M.

Divine glory displayed in the Person of Christ.

- 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake my soul—awake my tongue;

- Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme—
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!
- 4 Oh! may I reach that happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

85

L. M.

God the Son equal with the Father.

- 1 BRIGHT King of glory—dreadful God,
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.
- 2 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who among the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?
- 3 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.
- 4 Now let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honors be adored:

His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own him Lord.

86

H. M.

Christ a Prophet, Priest, and King.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued—and peace with heaven,
- 3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died:
Our guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 4 O thou almighty Lord,
Our Conquerer, and our King;
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing:
Thine is the power—oh make us sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

87

C. M.

Christ a Merciful High Priest.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

88

C. M.

Christ our Intercessor.

- 1 JESUS, by his own precious blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.
- 2 Jesus is king!—behold him reign
On Zion's heavenly hill:
He seems the Lamb that had been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.
- 3 He ever lives to intercede,
By virtue of his blood;

And ceases not for all to plead,
Who come by him to God.

89

S. M.

Christ's Exaltation and Intercession.

- 1 JESUS, the conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
- 2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love:
Lift up your heart—lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.
- 3 Extol his kingly power,
Adore th' exalted Son,
Who died, but lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.
- 4 Our advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.

90

C. M.

God reconciled in Christ.

- 1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Saviour, and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death,
The Father smiles again;

'Tis by thine interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human form I see,
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terror to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins:
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

91

C. M.

Access to God by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord,
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;

And glory to th' eternal King
Who lays his anger by.

92

C. M.

Miracles of Christ.

- 1 JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?
- 2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?—
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me!
- 3 And didst thou pity mortal wo,
And sight and health restore?—
Oh pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more!
- 4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
When sinking in the wave?—
I perish, Lord!—oh, save my soul!
For thou alone canst save.

93

L. M.

Divinity of Christ proved by his Miracles.

- 1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive;
Behold, the dead awake and live;
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name:
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;

The Father vindicates his cause
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies; the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, and appears a God;
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart,
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

94

L. M.

Christ a Pattern for his Followers.

1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the judge shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

95

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 3 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
He, meek and patient, stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
Who labored for their good.
- 4 When in the hour of deep distress,
Before his father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
'Thy will, not mine, be done!'
- 5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide,
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

96

C. M.

- 1 JESUS! exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given;
A name surpassing every name.
That's known in earth or heaven!
- 2 Before thy throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord:
Before thy throne shall every tongue
Confess that thou art Lord.

- 3 Jesus! thou, in the form of God,
Didst equal honor claim;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame!
- 4 Oh! may that mind in us be formed,
Which shone so bright in thee;
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free!
- 5 To others we would stoop, and learn
To emulate thy love;
So shall we bear thine image here,
And share thy throne above.

97

C. M.

- 1 IN duties and in sufferings too,
Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;
As thou hast done—so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.
- 2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
Oh may that zeal my soul excite,
Thy precepts to fulfil.
- 3 Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
Oh may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

98

C. M.

Humiliation of Christ.

- 1 AND did the holy and the just,
The sovereign of the skies,

- Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise!
- 2 Yes—the Redeemer left his throne—
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy!—love unknown!
To suffer—bleed—and die.
- 3 To dwell with misery here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.
- 4 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man—oh, wondrous grace!
For sinful man—he bled!
- 5 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

99

S. M.

Christ suffering for our Sins.

- 1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!

His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

5 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong:
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long."

100

C. M.

Death of Christ on the Cross.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed—and die for me!

2 "My God," he cries—all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's vail in sunder breaks—
The solid marbles rend!

3 "'Tis finished—now the ransom's paid—
Receive my soul," he cries;
Behold he bows his sacred head—
He bows his head—and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God—was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

101

L. M.

- 1 **STRETCHED** on the cross, the Saviour dies;
Hark!—his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands—his feet—his side,
Descends the sacred—crimson tide!
- 2 And didst thou bleed—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No—he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.
- 3 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet my heart so hard remain,
As not to move with love or pain?
- 4 Come—dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief, and ardent love.

102

8s 7s & 4.

- 1 **HARK!** the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth—and veils the sky!
“It is finished!”—
Hear the dying Saviour cry!
- 2 “It is finished!”—oh, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord!
“It is finished!”—
Saints, the dying words record!

- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heaven uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

103

C. M.

The Atonement the only Ground of Pardon.

- 1 IN vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Blest Saviour! nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.
- 3 But thy atoning sacrifice
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Come to us by thy hands.
- 4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord!
'Tis on thy cross we rest:
For ever be thy love adored,
Thy name for ever blest.

104

S. M.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

105

L. M.

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 HE dies!—the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
- 2 Ye saints, approach!—the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He gives his precious life for you,
For you he sheds his precious blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree!
The Lord of glory dies for men!—
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains!
- 6 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting!
And where thy victory, boasting grave!"

106

C. M.

Sufficiency of the Atonement.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 Since first, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

- 5 And when this feeble, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave—
 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save.

107

7s.

Christ the Rock of Ages.

- 1 ROCK of ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy side, a healing flood,
 Be of fear and sin the cure;
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears forever flow,
 Should my zeal no languor know,
 This for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eye-lids close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

108

C. M.

The Attraction of the Cross.

- 1 YONDER—amazing sight!—I see
 Th' incarnate Son of God,
 Expiring on th' accursed tree,
 And welt'ring in his blood.

- 2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head:
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And, with the amaz'd Centurion, cry,
'*This is the Son of God!*'
- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice,
May well my hope revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.
- 5 Oh, that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

109

L. M.

Christ the Physician of the Soul.

- 1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.
- 2 But can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?
- 3 Yes, there's a great physician near;
Look up, my fainting soul, and live!
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give!

- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
 Life, health, and bliss abundant flow!
 'Tis only that dear sacred flood
 Can ease thy pain—and heal thy wo.

110

L. M.

- 1 WHY droops my soul, with grief oppressed?
 Whence these wild tumults in my breast?
 Is there no balm to heal my wound?
 No kind physician to be found?
- 2 Raise to the cross thy tearful eyes;
 Behold the Prince of glory dies!
 He dies, extended on the tree,
 And sheds a sovereign balm for thee.
- 3 Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
 Here to receive a cure, or die;
 But grace forbids that painful fear—
 Almighty grace, which triumphs here.
- 4 Thou wilt withdraw the poisoned dart,
 Bind up and heal the wounded heart;
 With blooming health my face adorn,
 And change the gloomy night to morn.
- 5 Exult, my soul, with holy joy;
 Hosannas be thy blest employ,
 Salvation thine eternal theme,
 And swell the song with Jesus' name.

111

C. M.

- Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.*
- 1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
 He conquer'd when he fell:

- 'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 'Tis finish'd, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.
- 5 The saints from his propitious eye
Await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

112

L. M.

Pardon through the Sufferings of Christ.

- 1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.
- 2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for crimes which we had done.
- 3 Oh for his sake our guilt forgive—
And let the mourning sinner live;—

The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

113

S. M.

Christ the Bread of Life.

- 1 BEHOLD the gift of God!
Sinners, adore his name,
Who shed for us his precious blood—
Who bore our curse and shame.
- 2 Behold the living bread
Which Jesus came to give,
By dying in the sinner's stead,
That he might ever live.
- 3 The Lord delights to give;
He knows you've nought to buy:
To Jesus haste—this bread receive,
And you shall never die.

114

S. M.

Christ the Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
Thou Day-star from on high;
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 Oh let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
And let the glories of thy love,
Come like the morning light.
- 3 How beauteous nature now!—
How dark and sad before!—

With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

- 4 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

115

7s.

Christ a Refuge.

- 1 JESUS, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 2 Other refuge have I none—
Helpless hangs my soul on thee;
Leave, oh! leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!

116

C. M.

Christ the Way, Truth, and Life.

- 1 THOU art the way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

- 2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the way—the truth—the life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep—that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

117 S. M.

- 1 JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which thou wilt lead aright.
- 2 My wisdom, and my guide,
My counsellor thou art;
Oh never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart!

118 C. M.

Chief among Ten Thousand; or, the Excellencies of Christ.

- 1 To Christ, the Lord, let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?
- 2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;

Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

3 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

4 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

5 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

6 To heav'n the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

7 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

119

C. M.

Desire of all Nations.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace;
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners from earth's remotest end
Come bending at thy feet;

- To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odors spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.
- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.
- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

120

C. M.

Head of the Church.

- 1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thy own;
Gives me among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead
When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord:
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.
- 4 Oh, may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight;

While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.

- 5 Thou the whole body wilt present
Before thy Father's face;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.

121

C. M.

Jesus—precious to them that believe.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul!
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms—
The antidote of death.

122

C. M.

King of Saints.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays:
You, that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?
- 4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shali we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 Oh, happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

123

C. M.

*The spiritual Coronation,
Angels.*

- 1 ALL-HAIL the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Believing Gentiles.

- 2 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners of every Nation.

- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ourselves.

- 4 Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the *everlasting* song,
And crown him Lord of all.

124

S. M.

Leader.

- 1 THOU very paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransom'd people led.
- 2 Angel of gospel grace!
Fulfil thy character;
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy light;

Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

- 4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above,
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

125

C. M.

Our Righteousness.

- 1 Saviour divine! we know thy name,
And in that name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.
- 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.
- 3 The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of numerous years
Shall our great Surety clear.
- 4 That spotless robe which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemish shall be found.
- 5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are given;
Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heaven.
- 6 With joy we taste that manna now,
Thy mercy scatters down:

We seal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promis'd crown.

126

S. M.

- 1 THE Lord my shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place,
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

127

C. M.

All in All.

1. COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey:
Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
My *All in all*, I pray.
- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore:
More than thyself I cannot crave;
And thou canst give no more.
- 4 Lov'd of my God, for him again
With love intense I'd burn:
Chosen of thee ere time began,
I'd choose thee in return.
- 5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all the intents of bliss,
If thou, O God, art mine.

128

7s.

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 ANGELS! roll the rock away!
Death! yield up thy mighty prey!
See!—he rises from the tomb,
Rises with immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour—seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise;

- Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Lift, ye saints—lift up your eyes!
Now to glory see him rise!
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide:
Gracious conqueror, through them ride,
King of glory! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

129

II. M.

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 YES! the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head;
In wild dismay, | Fall to the ground,
The guards around | And sink away.
- 2 Behold th' angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet.
Joyful they come, | From realms of day
And wing their way | To Jesus' tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly
The joyful news to bear—

Hark!—as they soar on high,

What music fills the air!

Their anthems say—		Hath left the dead
“Jesus who bled,		He rose to-day.”

4 Ye mortals catch the sound—

Redeemed by him from hell,

And send the echo round

The globe on which you dwell;

Transported, cry—		Hath left the dead
“Jesus who bled		No more to die.”

130

C. M.

1 BLEST morning, whose first dawning rays

Beheld our rising God:

That saw him triumph o'er the dust,

And leave his dark abode.

2 In the cold prison of a tomb

The great Redeemer lay—

Till the revolving skies had brought

The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force

To hold the Lord in vain;

Behold the mighty conqueror rise,

And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,

These sacred hours we pay,

And loud hosannas shall proclaim,

The triumph of the day.

131

S. M.

Redemption completed by the Resurrection.

1 “The Lord is risen indeed!”—

Then justice asks no more;

Mercy and truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"

'Then is his work performed;
The mighty captive now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"

Then hell has lost its prey:
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed!"—

Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

5 Then wake your golden lyres,

And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

132

7s.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,

Our triumphant holy day:
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

2 Lo! he rises—mighty King!

Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Lo! he claims his native sky!
Grave! where is thy victory?

3 Sinners! see your ransom paid,

Peace with God forever made;

With your risen Saviour, rise;
Claim, with him, the purchased skies.

- 4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day:
Loud the song of victory raise;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

133

7s.

Darkness of the tomb scattered by Christ.

- 1 Morning breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom!
Day of triumph! through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise.
- 2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

134

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

5 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on his head.

135

C. M.

1 HE, who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on the eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.

3 While harps unnumbered sound his praise,
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

4 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head;
To this almighty rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

- 5 How glorious he—how happy they
 In such a glorious friend!
 Whose love secures them all the way,
 And crowns them at the end.

136

L. M.

Christ exalted to be a Priest and a Saviour.

- 1 EXALTED Prince of Life! we own
 The royal honors of thy throne:
 'Tis fixed by God's almighty hand,
 And seraphs bow at thy command.
- 2 Exalted Saviour! we confess
 The sovereign triumphs of thy grace;
 Wide may thy cross thy virtues prove,
 And conquer millions by thy love.

137

7s.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing of mercy's healing stream:
 Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,
 Sing of his redeeming love.
- 2 Welcome all by sin oppressed,
 Welcome all to Jesus' rest.
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.
- 3 He subdued th' infernal powers,
 His inveterate foes, and ours:
 These he from their empire drove,
 Mighty in redeeming love.

- 4 Hither, then, your tribute bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Saints below, and saints above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

138

S. M.

- 1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom with power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

139

C M.

- 1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

- 2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep:
All whom his heavenly father gave
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
Safe, on the bosom of his love,
Shall they forever rest.

140

C. M.

Godly Sorrow from the sufferings of Christ.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity!—grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, th' almighty Saviour, died
For man, the rebel's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

141

C. M.

Love of Christ Celebrated.

- 1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
Oh may his love—immortal flame!—
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"
- 4 Oh may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

142

S. M.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!
- 2 Sing of his dying love—
Sing of his rising power—
Sing how he intercedes above,
For us, whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;

Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!

143 C. M.

1 AWAKE—awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

3 To dwell with misery here below
The Saviour left the skies,
And stooped to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.

4 Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day;

With rapture, then, let mortal tongues,
Their grateful worship pay.

144

L. M.

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth or heaven the Lord of all;
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before his footstool fall.
- 2 Higher—still higher, swell the strain;
Creation's voice, the note prolong;
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign—
Let hallelujahs crown the song.

145

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels, round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died"—they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"—
"Worthy the Lamb"—our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Couspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

146

L. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be—
 A mortal man ashamed of thee?
 Ashamed of thee—whom angels praise?
 Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus?—that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
 No!—when I blush, be this my shame—
 That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus?—yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away—
 No tear to wipe—no good to crave,
 No fears to quell—no soul to save!
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
 And oh! may this my glory be—
 That Christ is not ashamed of me!

147

C. M.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause;
 Maintain the honor of his word,
 The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
 His name is all my trust;

Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne—his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name .
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

148

C. M.

1 DEAR Lord, and will thy pardoning love,
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And suffered all my shame?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
To own thy precious name?

3 No, Lord—I'm not ashamed of thee,
Nor of thy cause on earth—
Oh do not be ashamed of me,
When I resign my breath.

4 Be thou my shield—be thou my sun—
Oh guide me all my days,
And let my feet with joy still run
In thy delightful ways.

149

C. M.

The Gospel a Savor of Life or Death.

1 CHRIST and his cross are all our theme:

The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above

With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name

Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt—despair—and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,

Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

150

L. M.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,

On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,

Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head—his hands—his feet,

Sorrow and love flow mingled down!

- Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing—so divine,
 Demands my soul—my life—my all.

151

L. M.

The Church rejoicing in her King.

- 1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
 Accept the tribute which we bring;
 Accept the well-deserved renown,
 And wear our praises as thy crown.
 2 Let every act of worship be
 Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
 Like that blest hour, when from above
 We first received thy pledge of love.
 3 The gladness of that happy day,
 Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
 Nor comforts sink—nor love grow cold.
 4 Let every moment, as it flies,
 Increase thy praise—improve our joys,
 Till we are raised to sing thy name,
 And taste the supper of the Lamb.

152

S. M.

- 1 NOT with our mortal eyes
 Have we beheld the Lord;
 Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
 And love him in his word.

- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we feel thy love,
Diviner joys arise;
On wings of faith we soar above
To mansions in the skies.

153

S. M.

- 1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried—when Samuel prayed—
He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

154

C. M.

Christ's Intercession Prevalent.

- AWAKE, sweet gratitude! and sing
Th' ascended Saviour's love;

Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

2 With cries and tears, he offer'd up
His humble suit below;
But with authority he asks,
Enthron'd in glory now.

3 For all that come to God by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.

4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
'Gives sanction to his claim:
'Father, I will that all my saints
'Be with me where I am:

5 'By their salvation, recompense
'The sorrows I endur'd;
'Just to the merits of thy Son,
'And faithful to thy word.'

6 Eternal life, at his request;
To every saint is given;
Safety below, and after death,
The plenitude of heaven.



HOLY SPIRIT.

155

L. M.

The Spirit Enlightening and Renewing.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;

- 'Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.
- 2 Enlightened by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind—
And calm the surges of the mind.

156

S. M.

The indwelling Influences of the Spirit.

- 1 'TIS God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

157

L. M.

Teachings of the Spirit.

- 1 COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy words reveal;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Make me delight to do thy will.
- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.
- 4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad;
Oh show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

158

C. M.

Regeneration by the Holy Spirit.

- 1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,

New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

159

C. M.

- 1 Let songs of praises fill the sky!
Behold th' ascended Lord
Sends down his spirit from on high,
And thus fulfils his word.
- 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within:
He raises sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The humble soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit! from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Oh come! with holy zeal and love
Each heart and tongue inspire!

160

L. M.

Descent of the Holy Spirit.

- 1 BLEST day when our ascended Lord
Fulfilled his own prophetic word;
Sent down his Spirit to inspire
His saints, baptized with holy fire,

- 2 While by his power these signs were wrought,
While divers tongues his wisdom taught,
His love one only subject gave—
That Jesus died the world to save!
- 3 Sure peace with God!—the joyful sound
Pours wide its sacred influence round;
Relenting foes his grace receive,
And humbled myriads hear and live!

161

S. M.

Influences of the Spirit implored.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 Oh! melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
- 3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

162

S. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise:
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;

And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

163

L. M.

1 COME, sacred Spirit from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love:
Oh! turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.

2 Speak thou—and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 Oh! let a holy flock await,
In crowds around thy temple-gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

164

C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
In this poor dying state,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

165

L. M.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our guardian—thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way:

Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ—the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God—our final rest,
To be with him forever blest:
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy for ever there!

166

C. M.

1 FATHER, to thee our souls we lift,
On thee our hope depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.

3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every holy thought,
And righteous word, is thine;

4 From thee—through Jesus—we receive
The power on thee to call;
In thee, O Lord, we move, and live—
Our God is all in all.

167

C. M.

- 1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold thy servants wait;
With longing eyes—and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.
- 2 Oh shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven;
And bear, with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

168

H. M.

- 1 O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word,
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!
- 2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father thou—
We—children of thy grace—

Oh let thy spirit now
 Descend and fill the place;
 So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
 And all unite to praise thy name,

169

7s.

- 1 COME, divine and peaceful Guest,
 Enter each devoted breast;
 Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
 Kindle there the gospel fire.
- 2 Bid our sin and sorrow cease;
 Fill us with thy heavenly peace;
 Joy divine we then shall prove,
 Light of truth—and fire of love.

170

7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit—Love divine!
 Let thy light within me shine:
 All my guilty fears remove,
 Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
 Set the burdened sinner free;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God,
 Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart;
 Seal salvation on my heart:
 Breathe thyself into my breast,
 Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray,
 Keep me in the narrow way;
 Fill my soul with joy divine,
 Keep me Lord, forever thine.

171

S. M.

- 1 BLEST Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.
- 2 Draw, with thy still small voice,
Us from each sinful way;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.
- 4 Oh, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race!
Great Comforter! to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

172

C. M.

- 1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?—
Great Comforter! descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In my Redeemer's blood;

And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

173

C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit!—God of truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire:
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the poor desire.
- 2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed:
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.
- 3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we with humble, holy heart
May worship only thee.
- 4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God;
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

174

L. M.

The Spirit entreated not to depart.

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit—stay!
Though I have done thee such despise;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;
- 3 Yet, oh! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest:
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 My weary soul, O God, release:
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

175

L. M.

- 1 LORD, in the temples of thy grace
Thy saints behold thy smiling face;
Here have we seen thy glory shine
With power and majesty divine.
- 2 Return, O Lord—our spirits cry—
Our graces droop—our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes;
- 3 Till, filled with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
Till heaven and earth resound thy praise.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

176

L. M.

The Broad and Narrow Ways.

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there,
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain the heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure,
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

177

C. M.

- 1 STRAIT is the way—the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high:
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed—and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

- 3 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all the work perform,
And give the free reward.

178

S. M.

The Way of Sin not the Way to Heaven.

- 1 CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness,
While on the road to hell?
- 2 Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill?
Or those expect with God to reign
Who disregard his will?
- 3 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbor wrong?
- 4 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hopes can e'er afford!
The pardoned and renewed shall see
The glory of the Lord.

179

L. M.

Danger of Rejecting Christ.

- 1 HARK! from the cross a voice of peace
Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease!—
Sinner! that voice of love obey,
From Christ, the true, the living way.
- 2 How else his presence wilt thou bear,
When he in judgment shall appear?

When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
And all the earth like Sinai burn?

- 3 Now from the cross a voice of peace
Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease—
O sinner, while 'tis called to-day,
That voice of saving love obey.

180

L. M.

One Thing Needful.

- 1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?
- 2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?
- 3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue:
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart:
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

181

8s 7s & 4.

The Sinner Invited and Threatened.

- 1 HEAR, O sinner!—mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls;

Hear, O sinner!—

'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

- 2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread;
Hark! the awful thunders rolling
Loud, and louder o'er your head;—
Turn, O sinner!—
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.

- 3 Haste! O sinner! to the Saviour,
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away;
Haste, O sinner!—
You must perish—if you stay.

182

8s, 7s & 4.

- 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—oh how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
“Pardon to each rebel sinner!—
Free forgiveness in his name.”—
How important!—
“Free forgiveness in his name!”
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:

Tender heralds!—

Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors—grovelling worldlings,
 Callous hearers of the word,
 While the messengers address you,
 Take the warnings they afford;
 We entreat you—
 Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our report believed?
 Who received the joyful word?
 Who embraced the news of pardon,
 Offered to you by the Lord?
 Can you slight it?
 Offered to you by the Lord!

6 Oh, ye angels, hovering round us,
 Waiting spirits, speed your way;
 Haste ye to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay:
 Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey.

183

S. M.

1 MY son, know thou the Lord,
 Thy fathers' God obey;
 Seek his protecting care by night,
 His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found,
 Oh seek him while he's near;
 Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
 And worship him with fear.

- 3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.
- 4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven;
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

184

7s.

- 1 SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake—and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.
- 2 Wake from sleep—arise from death—
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path—be wise,
Leave thy folly—seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly—cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure, without delay,
Evil is thy mortal day.
- 4 Oh! then, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake! and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

185

7s.

Danger of Delay.

- 1 HASTE, O sinner—now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:

Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

- 2 Haste—and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Haste, O sinner—now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Haste, O sinner—now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow be begun.

186

C. M.

The Gospel Trumpet.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill th' immortal mind,—
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die—

Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;—
Lord—we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

187

S. M.

1 YE trembling captives, hear!—
The gospel trumpet sounds:
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heart-felt wounds.

2 'Tis not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar;
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.

3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth the Jubilee's release,
With eager rapture, claims.

4 Far, far to distant lands
The saving news shall spread;
And Jesus all his willing bands,
In glorious triumph lead.

188

L. M.

Christ's Invitation to Sinners.

- 1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to your heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest, who learn of me:
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Blest is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to the neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

189

C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here, streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.
- 3 Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice
That gracious voice obey;

'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?

- 4 Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink—and never die.

190

7s.

- 1 COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home—
Weary pilgrims! hither come.
- 2 Hither come—for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace, which ever shall endure—
Rest, eternal—sacred—sure!

191

C. M.

Invitation to the Heavy-laden.

- 1 ALL ye, who feel distressed for sin,
And fear eternal wo,
You Christ invites to enter in—
This hour to Jesus go!
- 2 He, by his own almighty word,
Will all your fears remove;
For every wound his precious blood
A sovereign balm shall prove,
- 3 His conquering grace shall set you free
From sin's oppressive chains,
From Satan's hateful tyranny,
And everlasting pains.

- 4 Come then, ye heavy-laden—come!
 His instant help implore:
 Millions have found a peaceful home—
 There's room for millions more.

192

L. M.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin oppressed,
 Oh come! accept the promised rest:
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt—a painful load,
 Oh come, and bow before your God!
 Divine compassion, mighty love,
 Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
 To cleanse your guilt—and heal your woes—
 Here's pardon, life, and endless peace—
 How rich the gift!—how free the grace!

193

C. M.

- 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
 His mercy speaks to-day;
 He calls you by his sovereign word,
 From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
 You live devoid of peace;
 A thousand stings within your breast,
 Deprives your souls of ease.
- 3 Why will you in the crooked ways
 Of sin and folly go?
 In pain you travail all your days,
 To reap in mortal wo!

- 4 But he, who turns to God, shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face.
- 5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.
- 6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts!
He pardons like a God!
He will forgive your numerous faults
Through our Redeemer's blood.

194

S. M.

- 1 OH, cease! my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 2 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door;
Oh! haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

195

8s, 7s & 4.

Sinners entreated by the mercies of Christ.

- 1 COME, ye sinners—poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour!

Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:

He is able——

He is willing—doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirsty—ye are welcome!

God's free bounty glorify:

True belief, and true repentance,

Every grace which brings us nigh,

Without money——

Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Agonizing in the garden,

Lo! the Saviour prostrate lies!

On the bloody cross behold him,

Hear him cry before he dies——

“It is finished!”——

Heaven's atoning sacrifice!

4 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,

Pleads the merit of his blood:

Venture on him—venture wholly;

Let no other trust intrude:

None but Jesus——

Can do helpless sinners good.

196

H. M.

1 YE dying sons of men,

Immerged in sin and wo!

Now mercy calls again,

Its message is to you.

Ye perishing and guilty, come!

In mercy's arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,

Nor vain excuses frame;

Christ bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready—sinners, come!
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Drawn by his dying love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near!
He calls you from above,
The Shepherd's voice now hear:
'To him whoever will may come,
In Jesus' arms there still is room.

197

C. M.

1 SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt;
Look to th' atoning precious blood,
That for our sins he spilt.

2 Sinners, to Jesus now draw near,
Invited by his word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
Behold the Lamb of God.

3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood;
Arise—return from grievous falls;
Behold the Lamb of God.

4 In every state, and time, and place,
Nought plead but Jesus' blood;
However wretched be your case,
Behold the Lamb of God.

5 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood;

That we may, with thy saints on high,
Behold the Lamb of God.

198

S. M.

- 1 THE Spirit in our hearts,
Is whispering, 'Sinner come;'
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, 'Come!'
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, 'Come!'
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, 'I quickly come.'
Lord, even so! we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come.

199

C. M.

- 1 OH what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls;
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

- 3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring!
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring!
- 4 Whoever will—oh gracious word!
Shall of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls—and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake.
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too;
And drink, adore, and bless.

200

C. M.

The Gospel Feast.

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.
- 2 There Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls—he bids you come:
Though guilt restrains, and fear alarms,
Behold, there yet is room.
- 3 Oh! come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In songs on earth unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
 Are welcome still to come:
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
 And enter while there's room.

201

S. M.

Now the accepted time.

1 NOW is th' accepted time,
 Now is the day of grace;
 Now, sinners, come, without delay,
 And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
 The Saviour calls to-day;
 To-morrow it may be too late,
 Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
 The gospel bids you come;
 And every promise in his word
 Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
 And feast them with thy love:
 Then will the angels swiftly fly
 To bear the news above.

202

C. M.

Pardon and Sanctification offered.

1 IN vain we lavish out our lives
 To gather empty wind;
 The choicest blessings earth can yield
 Will starve a hungry mind.

- 2 But God can every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace:
He gives by covenant, and by oath,
The riches of his grace.
- 3 Come—and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains,
In that dear fountain which his Son
Poured from his dying veins.
- 4 There shall his sacred spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law;
And every motion of our souls
To sweet obedience draw.
- 5 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
And he, our God of grace.

203

C. M.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer—now return!
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer—now return!
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer—now return!
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Go to his feet—and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

- 4 Return, O wanderer—now return!
 And wipe the falling tear:
 Thy father calls—no longer mourn!
 'Tis love invites thee near.

204

C. M.

The successful Resolve.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve;
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
 And make this last resolve:
- 2 'I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 'Hath like a mountain rose;
 'I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 'Whatever may oppose:
- 3 'Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 'And there my guilt confess;
 'I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
 'Without his sovereign grace:
- 4 'I'll to the gracious King approach,
 'Whose sceptre pardon gives;
 'Perhaps he may command my touch,
 'And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 'Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 'Perhaps will hear my prayer;
 'But if I perish I will pray,
 'And perish only there.
- 6 'I can but perish if I go,
 I am resolv'd to try;
 'For if I stay away, I know
 'I must forever die.'

7 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.

205

7s.

- 1 SINNERS, turn—why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.
- 2 Sinners, turn—why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
He, who did your souls retrieve,
He who died, that ye might live.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why—ye ransomed sinners—why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?
- 4 Sinners, turn—why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love;—
- 5 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Oh! ye dying sinners, why—
Why will ye forever die?

206

L. M.

Expostulation.

- 1 SINNER, oh why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?

- Daring to leap to worlds unknown!
 Heedless against thy God to fly!
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
 Urged on by sin's delusive dreams?
 Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
 And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains;
 And hear the Lord of life unfold
 The glories of his dying pains!
 Forever telling, yet untold!
-

CONVICTION AND CONFESSION.

207

C. M.

Conviction by the Law.

- 1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
 And felt no inward dread!
 I was alive without the law,
 And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
 But since the precept came
 With such convincing power and light,
 I find how vile I am.
- 3 My guilt appeared but small before,
 Till I with terror saw
 How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
 Is thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load—
 My sins revived again;

I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God! I cry with every breath,
Exert thy power to save,
Oh! break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

208

S. M.

1 MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day, that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

209

L. M.

Impenitence deplored.

- 1 **AMID** displays of wrath and love,
What stubborn creatures, Lord, are we!
No relish for the joys of heaven,
No dread of endless misery.
- 2 With what a base contempt we treat
Thy threatenings and thy promises!
Duty neglect—and mercy slight,
Nor fear to sin—nor seek to please.
- 3 Could angels weep—for us they'd mourn:
Break, then, these flinty hearts, O God!
Sure we must melt beneath thy grace,
Or feel the terrors of thy rod.

210

C. M.

Confession

- 1 **ALMIGHTY** Father! God of grace!
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly, from thy paths have turned,
Each to his sinful way.
- 2 Sins of omission and of act
Through all our lives abound;
Alas! in thought, and word, and deed,
No health in us is found.
- 3 Oh spare us, Lord!—in mercy spare!
Our contrite souls restore,
Through him who suffered on the cross,
And man's transgressions bore.

- 4 And grant, O Father! for his sake
That we, through all our days,
A just and holy life may lead,
To thine eternal praise.

211 C. M.

Coldness and Inconstancy lamented.

- 1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord!
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word.
- 2 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hopes of joys above!
How few affections there!
- 3 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success!
Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.
- 4 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

212 L. M.

Pardon and sanctification penitently implored.

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord—O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great—but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:

Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law—against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned—but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

213

L. M.

1 DEAR Jesus—when—when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passion cease,
And I enjoy a lasting peace?

2 Here I repent, and sin again;
Sometimes revive—sometimes am slain;
Slain with the same malignant dart,
Which, oh! too often wounds thy heart.

3 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee;

The fullness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love?

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

214

C. M.

Prayer for Repentance.

- 1 OH for that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord!
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word!
- 2 Oh for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow!
That sense of guilt, which trembling fears
The long suspended blow.
- 3 Saviour, to me in pity give
For sin the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace!—
- 4 Oh fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,
Thyself to me reveal.

215

C. M.

Repentance in view of Divine Patience.

- 1 AND are we, wretches, yet alive!
And do we yet rebel!

- 'Tis boundless! 'tis amazing love!
That bears us up from hell!
- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames;
And threatening vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.
- 3 Almighty goodness cries, "Forbear"—
And straight the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace.
- 4 Lord—we have long abused thy love,
Too long indulged our sin;
Our aching hearts now bleed to see
What rebels we have been.
- 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command;
No more will we obey:
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away.

216

S. M.

Ingratitude deplored.

- 1 IS this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we!
And God as strangely kind!
- 3 Turn—turn us, mighty God!
And mould our souls afresh!

Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

- 4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes!
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

217

C. M.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

- 1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Before thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.
- 3 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?
- 4 Break, sovereign grace—oh break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, great God, thy mighty arm,
And haste to rescue me.

218

7s.

- 1 GOD of mercy!—God of grace!
Hear our sad, repentant songs,
Oh restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom our praise belongs.

- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted—time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent,—
- 3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain,
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;—
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own:
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne!
- 5 God of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
Oh restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom our praise belongs!

219

S. M.

Repentance in View of Christ's Compassion.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears—for thee.
- 3 He wept—that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

220

C. M.

- 1 DEAR Saviour! when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah! vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detained—betrayed
From Jesus to depart:—
- 3 From Jesus who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest:
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores:
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.
- 5 Oh! while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The humble, contrite sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye!
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And, grateful, own how kind—how sweet
Is thy forgiving grace.

221

7s.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief sinners, spare?

- 2 I have long withstood his grace;
 Long provoked him to his face;
 Would not hear his gracious calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Yet how great his mercies are!
 Me he still delights to spare:
 Cries—"How shall I give thee up?"
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 Jesus, answer from above:
 Is not all thy nature love?
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget?—
 Lo, I fall before thy feet.
- 5 Now incline me to repent!
 Let me now my fall lament!
 Deeply my revolt deplore!
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

222

C. M.

Sin bewailed as causing the death of Christ.

- 1 OH, if my soul was formed for wo,
 How would I vent my sighs!
 Repentance should like rivers flow
 From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
 Hung on the cursed tree,
 And groaned away a dying life,
 For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine,
 That crucified my Lord;
 Those sighs, that pierced and nailed his flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood!

- 4 Yes, my Redeemer—they shall die—
 My heart has so decreed;
 Nor will I spare the guilty things
 That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 While with a melting, broken heart,
 My murdered Lord I view—
 I'll raise revenge against my sins,
 And slay the murderers too.

223

C. M.

Self-righteous Hopes renounced.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
 On their own works have built;
 Their hearts by nature all unclean,
 And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouth
 Without a murmuring word,
 Let all the race of man confess
 Their guilt before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
 To justify us now;
 Since to convince and to condemn
 Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!—
 When in thy name we trust,
 Our faith receives a righteousness
 That makes the sinner just.

224

C. M

Pardon Implored.

- 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
 A guilty rebel lies;

And upwards to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 4 I plead thy sorrows, dearest Lord;
Do thou my sins forgive:
Thy justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

225

C. M.

- 1 LORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before thy feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near thy side,

I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him—thou hast died.

5 Oh wondrous love!—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

226

S. M.

1 THOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Prostrate before thy feet I fall,
And for thy mercy cry.

2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done:
Oh, bid a contrite sinner live,
Through thine incarnate Son.

3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

4 The burden which I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Do thou display thy pardoning grace,
And thine unbounded love.

5 One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast:

Oh! let me know my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest.

227

C. M.

Absence from God deprecated.

- 1 OH thou, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh;
 Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye;
- 2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn:
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 Hast thou not said—"Return?"
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 'To drive me from thy feet?
 Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my God, my Light!
 Without one cheering ray,
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way!
- 5 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine!
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joy divine.

228

S. M.

Returning to Christ.

- 1 YE sons of earth arise,
 Ye creatures of a day!
 Redeem the time—be bold—be wise,
 And cast your bonds away.

- 2 The year of gospel-grace,
With us rejoice to see;
And thankfully in Christ embrace
Your proffered liberty.
- 3 Blest Saviour—Lord of all,
Thee help us to receive;
Obedient to thy gracious call,
Oh, bid us turn and live.
- 4 Our former years misspent,
Now let us deeply mourn;
And, softened by thy grace, repent,
And to thine arms return.

229

C. M.

- 1 HOW oft alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, 'Return.'
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn:
Oh, take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine,
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine.

- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet—
Dear Saviour I adore;
Oh keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

230

L. M.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadow chase no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.
- 3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its beams unerring dart,
Till all be known and purified.
- 4 Then let the visits of thy love
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

231

C. M.

- 1 MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the word of peace;
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.
- 2 With gentle voice call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
Like all the harps of heaven.

- 3 With joy, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread;
With joy I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand, which seals our pardon sure,
Shall crowns of life bestow.

232

S. M.

Source and office of Faith.

- 1 FAITH—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed.
It boasts a high celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.
- 2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

233

C. M.

A living Faith.

- 1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven
And make their empty boast

Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith shall every fear control
By its celestial power:
With holy triumph fill the soul
In death's approaching hour.

234

L. M.

Walking by Faith.

1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night:
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear:
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

235

C. M.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares:
It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares.
- 2 The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 3 Wide it unveils the heavenly world,
Where endless pleasures reign;
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 4 Faith shows the promises, all sealed
With our Redeemer's blood;
It helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 5 There, still unshaken, would we rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
To endless glory rise.

236

L. M.

- 1 HERE, at thy cross, my gracious Lord,
I lay my soul beneath thy love;
Oh, cleanse me with atoning blood,
Nor let me from thy feet remove.
- 2 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Unmoved and firm this heart should lie:

Resolved—for that's my last defence—
If I must perish, here to die.

- 3 But speak, O Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.
- 4 Yes—I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall loose their aim;
Hosanna to my Saviour God,
And loudest praises to his name.

237

C. M.

Love the Chief Grace.

- 1 HAPPY the heart, where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge—alas! 'tis all in vain—
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight, and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In realms of endless peace.

238

L. M.

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass—an empty sound.

- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven or hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry—clothe the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name—
- 4 If love to God, and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

239

C. M.

God the Portion of the Soul.

- 1 MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comforts of my nights!—
- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers, I am his!
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way
To meet my dearest Lord.

240

S. M.

- 1 MY God—my life—my love,
To thee—to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Nor earth—nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No—not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 3 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle, where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

241

C. M.

- 1 MY God—my portion—and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me!
- 3 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces—and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
- 4 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore:
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

242

C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires;
Oh! could I say, 'The Lord is mine!' .
'Tis all my soul desires.
- 2 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love;
Oh! speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.
- 3 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God:
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To spread thy praise abroad.

243

C. M.

True Happiness to be found only in God.

- 1 IN vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of solid rest;
The whole creation is too poor,
To make me truly blest.
- 2 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone this restless heart
Enduring bliss can find.
- 3 Thy favor, Lord, is all I want;
Here would my spirit rest:
Oh! seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest.

244

C. M.

- 1 WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply;—
- 2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine reign in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be:—
- 3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.
- 4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy;
A joy—which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

245

S. M.

Adoption.

- 1 BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made:

But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

246

C. M.

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, when I raise my guilty head,
Disdain a father's name.

2 My Father—God! how sweet the sound!
How tender—and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;

And Abba, Father, humbly cry;
Nor can the sign deceive.

247 S. M.

- 1 MOST gracious God, reveal
Thy will concerning me;
Whate'er I do—whate'er I feel,
I follow thy decree.
- 2 The counsels of thy love
Be on my heart impressed,
It then shall at thy bidding move,
And at thy bidding rest.
- 3 While thou my leader art,
And mak'st me thine abode,
I find the witness in my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 FATHER, thy will be done:
To thee I all resign,
The sole disposer of thine own,
Dispose of me and mine;
- 5 At thy command—I go,
Or quietly attend,
'Till all my care and toil below
In rest eternal end.

248 C. M.

- 1 MY God, my Father—blissful name!—
Oh! may I call thee mine?
May I, with sweet assurance, claim
A portion so divine?
- 2 This only can my fears control;
And bid my sorrows fly:

What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy holy will denies,
I cheerfully resign;
Lord, thou art good, and just, and wise:
Oh! bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh! give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

249

C. M.

Strength and Protection from God.

1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' almighty name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Almighty strength and boundless grace
In our Jehovah dwell!
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

250

C. M.

- 1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God?—
Our God forever near?
- 2 Dost thou a Father's kindness feel,
For all thy humble saints?
And in such friendly accents speak,
To soothe their sad complaints?
- 3 Why droop our hearts—why flow our tears,
While such a voice we hear?
Why raise our sorrows and our fears,
While such a friend is near?
- 4 To all thine other favors add
A heart to trust thy word;
And death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the Lord.

251

C. M.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Thou through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide

- 4 Oh spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

252

S. M.

Trust in God.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things—nor things to come,
Shall quench this spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then will we trust our gracious God,
And rest upon his name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
 That stays himself on thee!
 Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall thy salvation see.

253

L. M.

The Gospel exemplified in the Conduct.

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess;
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honors of our Saviour God:
 When his salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
 Passion and envy, lust and pride;
 While justice, temperance, truth and love,
 Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
 While we expect that blessed hope—
 The bright appearance of the Lord—
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

254

C. M.

Filial Obedience.

- 1 GRACE, like an uncorrupted seed,
 Abides and reigns within;
 Immortal principles forbid
 The sons of God to sin.
- 2 Not by the terrors of a slave,
 Do they perform his will;

But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.

3 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

4 Oh happy souls!—oh glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

5 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

6 There shed thy tender love abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say, 'My Father God,'
With an unwavering tongue.

255

S. M.

Death to sin by the Cross of Christ.

1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,

Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

256

S. M.

The vigilant Servant.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.
- 2 Let all your humble lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch!—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

257

C. M.

- 1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!
- 2 Good, when he gives—supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
Ev'n crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind;

To his unerring gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

- 4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

258

C. M.

Contentment.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—
- 2 'Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 Oh, let the hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend—
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.'

259

C. M.

God's Covenant a security in Trouble.

- 1 MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its boundless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become;
My Saviour my almighty Friend,
And heaven my final home;—

- 3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when thy way, great God is dark,
I wait thy light above.
- 4 Thy covenant, in my dying hour,
Shall dwell upon my tongue,
And when I wake, shall still employ
My everlasting song.

260

C. M.

Bearing shame for Christ.

- 1 DIDST thou, dear Saviour, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?
- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.
- 3 Let mockers scoff—the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.
- 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

261

C. M.

Sincerity.

- 1 AM I an Israelite indeed,
Without a false disguise?

Have I renounced my sins, and left
My refuges of lies?

2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain?
Or is it formed anew?

What is the rule by which I walk,
The object I pursue?

3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,
My real state to know!

If I am wrong—oh set me right!
If right—preserve me so!

262

L. M.

1 SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest!
Come—fix thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts—my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 O God of hope, and peace divine,
Make thou these sacred pleasures mine!
Forgive my sins—my fears remove,
And fill my heart with joy and love.

263

C. M.

Chiding ourselves for Spiritual Sloth.

1 MY drowsy powers! why sleep ye so?
Awake my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

- 2 Go to the ants! for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive!
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move—
We, for whose guard the angel-bands
Come flying from above—
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labored for our good—
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And melt our frozen hearts.
- 6 Give us with active zeal to move,
With vigorous souls to rise;
With hands of faith—and wings of love
To fly and take the prize.

264

C. M.

- 1 OH may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His rightful claim to own.
- 2 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 3 Preserve me safe from every sin,
Through my remaining days;

And let each virtue in me shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

- 4 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.

265**C. M.**

- 1 OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!
- 2 Oh for a heart submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 Oh for an humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life, nor death, can part,
From him that dwells within.
- 4 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Oh write thy name upon my heart—
Thy name, O God, is love.

266**L. M.**

- 1 COME, gracious Lord—descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.
- 2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,

And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine eternal love and grace.

- 3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

267

S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love:
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 3 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.
- 4 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
And find my heaven in thee.

268

C. M.

Longing for a closer Walk with God.

- 1 OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame:
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!—
How sweet their memory still!—
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return—
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God;
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

269

C. M.

Christians perfected by Grace through Christ.

- 1 FATHER of peace! and God of love!
We own thy power to save;
That power by which our Saviour rose
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 We triumph in that Saviour's name,
Still watchful for our good;
Who brought th' eternal covenant down,
And sealed it with his blood.

- 3 So may the Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to thy will;
Our treacherous hearts no more shall rove,
But keep thy covenant still.
- 4 Still may we gain superior strength,
And press with vigor on,
Till full perfection crown our hopes,
And fix us near thy throne.

270

C. M.

- 1 AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound,)
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd:
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd,
- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures:
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;

But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be forever mine.

THE CHRISTIAN'S RELATIONS AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

271

S. M.

Vital Union to Christ.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bonds:
Our hearts, our souls we would resign,
Entirely to thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh let them ne'er prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

272

L. M.

- 1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,

To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die?—
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word—
That word which built the earth and sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here may I build—and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Forever sure the promise stands:
Not all the powers of earth, or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

273 C. M.

Living by Faith on the Son of God.

1 BLEST Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on thee,
My Saviour, and my God.

2 On thy dear cross I fix my eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat;
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At my Redeemer's feet.

3 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms;
Be dead to every sin;

And tell the boldest foe without,
That Jesus reigns within.

274

7s.

- 1 SON of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply my every want;
Tree of life, thine influence shed,
With thy fruit my spirit feed.
- 2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I;
Without thee, I droop and die;
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.
- 3 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me, to the end!
Give me thy supporting grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

275

S. M.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one—
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we are called to part,
It gives us mutual pain;

But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
From sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

276

C. M.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:—

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:—

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

277

C. M.

- 1 BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove;
We still are one in heart!
- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And still his praise we show.
- 3 Oh may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire—nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!
- 4 Richly we share the Saviour's grace,
We're one in mind and heart;
Not joy, nor grief—not time, nor place,
Not life, nor death can part.

278

S. M.

- 1 ONCE more, before we part,
Oh bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.
- 2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.
- 3 Still on thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

- 4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name:
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

279

C. M.

Dedication to God.

- 1 ETERNAL Father—God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise,
2 Thine, wholly thine, oh let us be,
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.
3 Come, Holy Ghost—the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be, with Christ, in God.

280

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings he bestows
With eager hearts and hands.
2 Come, let us to his temple haste;
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.
3 Come, let us share, without delay,
The covenant of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory e'er efface.

- 4 Oh may our rising offspring haste
To seek their fathers' God;
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their fathers' feet have trod.

281

C. M.

- 1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream.
The grace appeared so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 Great is the work!—my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
Great is the work!—my heart replied,
And be the glory thine.
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

282

C. M.

Joining the Church of Christ.

- 1 YE men and angels, witness now,
Before the Lord we speak;

- To him we make our solemn vow,
 A vow we dare not break,—
 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
 Ourselves to Christ we yield;
 Nor from his cause will we depart,
 Or ever quit the field.
 3 We trust not in our native strength,
 But on his grace rely;
 May he, with our returning wants,
 All needful aid supply.
 4 Oh guide our doubtful feet aright,
 And keep us in thy ways;
 And while we turn our vows to prayers,
 Turn thou our prayers to praise.

283

C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on:
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 A bright, immortal crown.
 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.
 3 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey:—
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
 4 Blest Saviour—introduced by thee,
 Have we our race begun;
 And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
 We'll lay our laurels down.

284

S. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer inculcated.

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

285

C. M.

Christian Courage and Self-denial.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?—
And shall I fear to own his cause?—
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 3 Sure I must fight—if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!

I'll bear the toil—endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they're slain:
They see the triumph from afar,
And soon with Christ shall reign.

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

286

C. M.

The heavenly Mansion.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high:
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved, and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;

We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

287

C. M.

Hope of Heaven by Christ.

- 1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.
- 2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a joyful hope,
That they should never die.
- 3 What though his uncontrolled decree
Command our flesh to dust?
Yet, as the Lord, our Saviour, rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4 To an inheritance divine,
He taught our hearts to rise;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
Unfading, in the skies!
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till his salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

288

L. M.

- 1 UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts ascend on high,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

- 2 Oh might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies!
How vain a thing this world would be!
How empty all its fleeting joys!
- 3 Great All in All! eternal King!
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

289

S. M.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

290

7s.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

291

C. M.

This Life a Pilgrimage.

- 1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits—no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy?
- 2 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.
- 3 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit—
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.
- 4 Eternal glory to the King,
Whose hand conducts us through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

292

C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL God, our wondering souls
Admire thy matchless grace;
That thou wilt walk—that thou wilt dwell
With Adam's sinful race.
- 2 Cheered with thy presence, I can trace
The desert with delight:
Through all the gloom one smile of thine
Can dissipate the night.
- 3 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam;
Thy hand, that now directs my course,
Shall soon convey me home.
- 4 Joyful my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load,
And hail the sharpest pangs of death,—
That break its way to God.

293

L. M.

- 1 ARISE, my soul! on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time;
Remove the parting vail—and see
The glories of eternity!
- 2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,
While I am walking back to God?
Or can I love this earth so well
As not to long with God to dwell?

- 4 To dwell with God!—to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

294

8s, 7s & 4.

God the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

- 1 **GUIDE** me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

295

C. M.

Contemplation of death and glory.

- 1 **MY** soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

- 2 Oh! could we die with those who die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead:—
- 3 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms;
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.
- 4 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

296

C. M.

Looking from Earth to Heaven.

- 1 LET death dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home:
Why do my days move on so slow,
Nor my salvation come?
- 2 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.
- 3 Jesus the Lord, shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.
- 4 God is my everlasting aid,
My portion and my friend;
To him be highest glory paid,
Through ages without end.

297

C. M.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;—
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

298

C. M.

The heavenly Canaan.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes;—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream—nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

299

C. M.

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh! joyful and transporting scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There, God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds—no poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow—pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?

When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

300**C. M.**

Rest from sin and trouble in Heaven.

1 OUR sins, alas! how strong they are!
And, like a raging flood,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And force us from our God.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 There, to fulfil his high commands
Our cheerful feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our active zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we ever sing and tell
The wonders of his grace,
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5 Forever his dear, sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

301**C. M.**

Unshaken Hope.

1 FIRMLY I stand on Zion's hill,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can thrust me down.

- 2 The lofty hills, and stately towers,
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be levelled low in dust—
Their very names shall die.
- 3 The vaulted heavens shall melt away,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens, the rock
Of my salvation stands.

302

C. M.

- 1 SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.
- 3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.
- 4 March on, in your Redcemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
With joyful hope still fix your eye
On Zion's heavenly hill.

303

L. M.

Cold affections lamented.

- 1 JESUS demands this heart of mine,
Demands my love, my joy, my care;

But ah! how dead to things divine,
How cold my best affections are!

2 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
Oh! for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom—sweet delight.

3 Come, dearest Lord—thy love can raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last expiring breath.

304**C. M.***Backsliding and returning.*

1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

3 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

4 Wretch that I am! to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fastened to thy cross,
Nor ever lose thy sight.

305**C. M.**

1 DEAR Lord, accept a sinful heart
Which of itself complains:

And mourns with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.

2 How eager are my thoughts to roam
In quest of what they love!

But ah! when duty calls me home,
How heavily they move!

3 Oh cleanse me in my Saviour's blood,
Transform me by thy power,
Make me, O Lord, thy blest abode
And let me rove no more!

306

S. M.

Departure from Christ lamented.

1 OH thou, who on the cross
Didst for my sins atone,
Although rebellious and perverse,
Do not a child disown!

2 Thine by a thousand ties
I am and still would be;
Confirm my faith—inflame my love,
And draw my soul to thee.



INSTITUTIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

307

S. M.

Safety of the Church.

1 HOW honored is the place,
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell;

While walls of strong salvation made,
Defy the assaults of hell.

3 Lift up th' eternal gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;—
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

308

L. M.

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength—and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against thy throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves with angry roar;
That break and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;

His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

- 5 God is our shield—and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

309

C. M.

The promise to Believers and their Children.

- 1 HOW large the promise! how divine!

To Abraham and his seed!

“I’ll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.”

- 2 The words of his extensive love

From age to age endure;

The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms

To our great father given;

He takes young children in his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

- 4 Our God!—how faithful are his ways!

His love endures the same;

Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out our children’s name.

310

S. M.

- 1 LORD, what our ears have heard,

Our eyes delighted trace;

Thy love in long succession shown
To Zion’s chosen race.

- 2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.
- 3 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.
- 4 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace!
Which in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.
- 5 Our offspring still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God;
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

311

S. M.

The Sabbath welcomed.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 Jesus himself, comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here;
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day, amid the place
Where God my Saviour's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise, and soar away.
To everlasting bliss.

312 H. M.

- 1 WELCOME, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;
Lord make these moments blest.
From low delights, and mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

313 L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest—
No mortal care shall seize my breast;

Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works—and bless his word:
Thy works of grace—how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels—how divine!
- 4 Sure I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired, or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

314

C. M.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 Oh! what a night was that, which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom!
Oh! what a Sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosanna's sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

315

L. M.

Delight in Worship.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 Oh! warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come sacred Spirit! from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

316

7s.

- 1 LORD of hosts, how lovely, fair,
Ev'n on earth, thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven—and much of thee.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here, we supplicate thy throne;
Here, thy pardoning grace is known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways—
Taste thy love and sing thy praise.

317

S. M.

- 1 HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the glories of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Here, on the mercy-scat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 3 To him their prayers and cries
Each contrite soul presents:
And while he hears their humble sighs,
He grants them all their wants.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode;
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

318

C. M.

- 1 COME ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 3 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

- 4 Oh, happy period!—glorious day!
 When heaven and earth shall raise,
 With all their powers, their raptured lay
 To celebrate thy praise.

319

S. M.

Ministers the Bearers of glad tidings.

- 1 HOW beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Zion's hill!
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!
 How sweet their tidings are!
 "Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
 He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found!
- 4 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.
- 5 The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad!
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

320

L. M.

Christ's Commission to his Ministers.

- 1 "GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
 "Bid the whole earth my grace receive

- He shall be saved, that trusts my word,
And be condemned, who'll not believe.
- 2 I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands—
I can destroy—and I defend."
- 4 He spake—and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

321

L. M.

The Ministry of Divine Appointment.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house,
We pay our homage, and our vows,
While with a grateful heart we share,
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung th' apostle's honored name,
Sacred beyond all earthly fame;
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.
- 4 So shall the bright succession run
Through latest courses of the sun;

While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

322**C. M.***Before Sermon.*

- 1 **ALMIGHTY** God!—eternal Lord!
Thy gracious power make known:
Touch, by the virtue of thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.
- 2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
Oh, let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.
- 3 Let us receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.
- 4 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear:
Thy Spirit, Lord, in mercy send,
And give us ears to hear.

323**7s.**

- 1 **SAVIOUR**, bless thy word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove;
Oh may sinners hear thy call!
Let thy people grow in love.
- 2 Thine own gracious message bless,
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success—
Thine the work—the glory thine.

- 3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice,
Send—oh send thy truth abroad!
Let the nations hear thy voice—
Hear it and return to God.

324

C. M.

Prayer for Sincerity in Worship:

- 1 LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our *confessions* pour,
Oh may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 When we disclose our wants in *prayer*,
Oh let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.
- 3 And when with heart and voice we strive
Our grateful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And fill our souls with *praise*.
- 4 Then, on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review;
With love divine, transported, tell—
‘Thou, God, art Father too!’

325

L. M.

Christ ever present in the Churches.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;

Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

- 3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

326

C. M.

- 1 **AGAIN** our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come,
To meet our Saviour here.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 4 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

327

C. M.

- 1 **WITHIN** thy house, O Lord, our God,
In glory now appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.
- 2 When we thine awful seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;

And let thy gospel's joyful sound
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest:
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms beyond the skies.

328

C. M.

Reconciliation by the Death of Christ.

1 AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood?
Did Jesus, to effect this change,
Pour out his precious blood?

2 Oh for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love!

3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,
To praise our glorious King!
Oh may that love which spread this feast
Inspire us while we sing!

329

C. M.

The New Covenant Sealed.

1 THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good:
He said—and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

- 2 To this dear covenant of thy word
 I set my worthless name;
 I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
 And make my humble claim.
- 3 I call that legacy my own
 Which Jesus did bequeath;
 'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
 And ratified in death.
- 4 The light and strength, the pard'ning grace,
 And glory shall be mine:
 My life and soul—my heart and flesh,
 And all my powers are thine.

330

C. M.

- 1 KIND are the words that Jesus speaks
 To cheer the drooping saints;
 "My grace sufficient is for you,
 Though nature's powers may faint."
- 2 Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord,
 'Tis good to trust thy name:
 Thy power, thy faithfulness and love,
 Will ever be the same.
- 3 Weak as I am, yet thro' thy grace,
 I all things can perform;
 And smiling triumph in thy name,
 Amid the raging storm.

331

L. M.

Delight in the Worship of the Sabbath.

- 1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
 In gardens planted by thy hand;

Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh, and green.

2 There grow the saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
They who attend his gates shall find
God ever faithful—ever kind.

332

C. M.

1 OH! with what pleasure we behold
Sinners to Canaan move,
Leaving the fleeting things of earth,
For greater things above.

2 These having openly confest
The great Immanuel's name,
With sacred pleasure we receive,
As lovers of the Lamb.

3 Lord, may they ever live to thee,
And grow in heavenly love;
Still may they fight the fight of faith,
Till crown'd with thee above.

333

C. M.

1 DEAR Saviour, we rejoice to hear
Poor sinners sweetly tell
How thou art pleas'd to save from sin,
From sorrow, death, and hell.

2 Lord we unite to praise thy name
For grace so freely given:

Still may they keep on Zion's road,
And dwell at last in heaven.

334

C. M.

- 1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 Thro' floods and flames if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not shall be my cry,
Tho' earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Thro' duty, and thro' trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be—
Hinder me not—come welcome death—
I'll gladly go with thee.

335

C. M.

- 1 DEAR Lord, and has thy pard'ning love
Embrac'd a wretch so vile!
Then kindly bid each cloud remove,
And bless me with thy smile!
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
And all its shame despis'd?
And shall I be asham'd O Lord,
With thee to be baptiz'd?
- 3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood!

And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God!

- 4 Dear Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays:
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

336

C. M.

- 1 **THUS** was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood,
To show he must be soon baptized
In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid,
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread;
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living head.

337

8s. 7s.

- 1 **HUMBLE** souls, who seek salvation,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the paths that Jesus trod.
Flee to him your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behaviour,
Own him as your sovereign guide.
- 2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice:

Dread no ills that can befall you,
 While you make his ways your choice.
 Jesus says, "let each believer,
 Be baptized in my name:"
 He himself in Jordan's river,
 Was immersed beneath the stream.

- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
 Follow him without delay:
 Gladly his command embracing,
 Lo! your captain leads the way.
 View the rite with understanding,
 Jesus' grave before you lies;
 Be interr'd at his commanding,
 After his example rise.

338 L. M.

- 1 GO teach the nations, and baptize,
 Aloud the ascending Jesus cries;
 His glad apostles took the word,
 And round the nations preach'd their Lord.
- 2 Commission'd thus, by Zion's King,
 We to his holy laver bring
 These happy converts, who have known
 And trusted in his grace alone.
- 3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face,
 O bless them with peculiar grace:
 Refresh their souls with love divine,
 Let beams of glory round them shine.

339 L. M.

- 1 SEE how the willing converts trace
 The path their great Redeemer trod;

And follow through his liquid grave,
The meek, the lowly Son of God.

- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aspire;
Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,
They shine in clean and bright attire.
- 3 O sacred rite! by thee, the name,
Of Jesus we to own begin;
This is our resurrection pledge,
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.
- 4 Glory to God on high be given,
Who shews his grace to sinful men;
Let saints on earth, and saints in heaven,
In concert join their loud amen.

340**L. M.**

- 1 HOSANNA to our Saviour, God,
Who suff'ered in our room and stead!
He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,
And then immers'd in sweat and blood!
- 2 Behold the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he shed his precious blood!
How plain he mark'd the humble way
To sinners, through the mystic flood!
- 3 We to this place are come, to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

341**C. M.**

- 1 BURIED in Jordan was our Lord,
As well as in the tomb;

And in obedience to his word,
We imitate the Lamb.

- 2 This ordinance is plainly given,
'Tis left upon record;
Though not to save, or take to heaven,
But show we love the Lord.

342

L. M.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

- 1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes—
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin:
Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup and blessed the wine:
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end.
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

343

C. M.

Guests drawn in by Divine Love.

- 1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!
- 2 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
'Lord, why was I a guest?
- 3 Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room?
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come!'
- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That gently drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.
- 5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
- 6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

344

C. M.

- 1 LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace;

But most of all admire, that we
Should find a welcome place—

- 2 We, who are all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God!
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood!

- 3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

- 4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven!
Join all your sacred powers:
No theme is like redeeming love!
No Saviour is like ours!

345

S. M.

Christ's Invitation to the Table.

- 1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor—matchless grace
Of our descending God!
- 3 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise:
Let joy and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

346

C. M.

- 1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.
- 2 He, who prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;
Oh what delightful food!
We eat the bread—and drink the wine—
But think on nobler good.
- 4 Deep was the suffering he endured
Upon the accursed tree—
For me—each welcome guest may say—
’Twas all endured for me.
- 5 Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Saviour—so divine!
Well thou mayest claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

347

L. M.

- 1 HERE let us see thy face, O Lord,
And view salvation with our eyes,
And taste and feel the living Word,
The Bread descending from the skies.
- 2 Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,

To teach the terrors of thy name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.

- 3 Jesus, our light! our morning-star!
Shine thou on nations yet unknown;
The glory of thy people here,
And joy of spirits near thy throne.

348 S. M.

Communion with the Father and Christ.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs:
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!
- 4 Jesus, our living head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till this communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

UNIVERSAL DIFFUSION OF THE GOSPEL.

349

8s & 7s.

State and Prospects of the Heathen.

- 1 HARK!—what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?
’Tis the cry of heathen nations,
“Come, and help us, or we die?”
- 2 Hear the heathen’s sad complaining—
Christians, hear their dying cry;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them, ere they die.

350

P. M.

- 1 FROM Greenland’s icy mountains,
From India’s coral strand,
Where Afric’s sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error’s chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?—
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;

The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?—
Salvation!—oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft—waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

351 C. M.

Prevalence of Christianity promised.

1 GREAT God, is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?

2 "Ask—and I give the heathen lands
For thine inheritance!
And to the world's remotest shores
Thine empire shall advance."

- 3 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored:
Let earth, with all its millions, shout,
Hosanna to the Lord!

352

C. M.

- 1 THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.
- 2 That light shall glance on distant lands,
And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,
Come with exulting haste to prove
The power and greatness of his love.
- 3 Lord, spread the triumphs of thy grace;
Let truth, and righteousness, and peace,
In mild and lovely forms, display
The glories of the latter day.

353

8s 7s & 4.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul—be still, and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace!
Blessed jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn!
- 2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:

Let the gospel

Loud resound, from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day!

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer—never cease!
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around!

354

8s 7s & 4.

Influence of the Spirit necessary.

1 WHO, but thou, almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach—but till thou favor,
Heathens will be still the same:
Mighty Spirit!
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewildered nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise:
Promised Spirit!
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors,
 Must be vain without thine aid:
 But thou wilt not disappoint us—
 All is true that thou hast said:
 Faithful Spirit!
 O'er the world thine influence shed.

355

C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Spirit, now behold
 A world by sin destroyed:
 Creating Spirit, as of old,
 Move on the formless void!
- 2 Give thou the word—that healing sound
 Shall quell the deadly strife,
 And earth again, like Eden crowned,
 Bring forth the tree of life.
- 3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
 When nature rose to view,
 What strains will angel-harps employ,
 When thou shalt all renew!—
- 4 And if the sons of God rejoice
 To hear a Saviour's name,
 How will the ransomed raise their voice,
 To whom the Saviour came!
- 5 Lo, every kindred, every tribe,
 Assembling round the throne,
 The new creation shall ascribe
 To sovereign love alone.

356

L. M.

Prayer for the Conversion of the World.

1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,

And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?

While feeble mortals raise their cries;

Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,

And view the desolations round;

See what wide realms in darkness lie!

What scenes of wo and crime abound!

3 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,

And call the nations from afar;

Let all the isles their Saviour know,

And earth's remotest ends draw near.

357

S. M.

1 O GOD of Sovereign grace,

We bow before thy throne,

And plead, for all the human race,

The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,

The knowledge of thy ways:

And let all lands with joy record

The great Redeemer's praise!

358

C. M.

1 GREAT God! the nations of the earth

Are by creation thine;

- And in thy works; by all beheld,
 Thy power and glory shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
 Thy gospel to mankind:
 Unveiling what rich stores of grace
 Are treasured in thy mind.
- 3 Oh when shall these glad tidings spread
 The spacious earth around,
 Till every tribe—and every soul,
 Shall hear the joyful sound?
- 4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
 To spread the gospel's rays,
 And build on sin's demolished throne
 A temple to thy praise.

359

S. M.

- 1 O LORD, our God, arise,
 The cause of truth maintain;
 And wide o'er all the peopled world
 Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Princee of life, arise,
 Nor let thy glory cease;
 Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
 And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
 Extend thy healing wing,
 And o'er a dark and ruined world
 Let light and order spring,
- 4 Let all on earth arise,
 To God the Saviour sing,

From shore to shore—from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring!

360

H. M.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds above,
And Lord of all below,
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy power and mercy show.
Fulfil thy word,
Thy Spirit give;
Let heathens live,
And praise the Lord.

2 Few be the years that roll,
Ere all shall worship thee;
The travail of his soul
Soon let the Saviour see:
O God of grace!
Thy power employ;
Fill earth with joy,
And heaven with praise.

361

L. M.

1 ARISE, in all thy splendor, Lord,
Let power attend thy gracious word;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
And show the glories of thy grace.

2 Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
And be thou known th' almighty God;
Make bare thine arm—thy power display,
While truth and grace thy sceptre sway.

- 3 Send forth thy messengers of peace,
 Make Satan's reign and empire cease;
 Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
 That all the world thy power may own.

362

L. M.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power,
 Be this thy Zion's favored hour:
 Oh bid the morning-star arise,
 Oh point the heathen to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
 In western wilds, and heathen plains,
 Far let the gospel's sound be known;
 Make thou the universe thine own.
- 3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
 Speak! and the desert shall rejoice:
 Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
 Bid every nation hail the light.

363

L. M.

- 1 ASCEND thy throne, almighty King;
 Now spread thy glories all abroad;
 Let thine own arm salvation bring,
 And be thou known the gracious God,
- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
 Let humble mourners seek thy face,
 Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
 Subdued by thy victorious grace,

- 3 Oh let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name;
Be thou thro' heaven and earth adored.

364

L. M.

- 1 Arm of the Lord, awake!—awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shake!
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
'I am Jehovah, God alone!'
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 Let Zion's time of favor come!
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home!
Soon may our wandering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold!
- 4 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim
Through every clime—of every name!
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

365

L. M.

Prayer for the Jews.

- 1 ARISE, great God! and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race;
Restore the long-lost, scattered band,
And call them to their native land.

2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
 Their trespass hide—their pardon seal;
 O God of Israel! hear our prayer,
 And grant them still thy love to share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
 The sad suspension of thy love?
 Say—shall thy wrath forever burn?
 And shall thy mercy ne'er return?

4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
 And wake to joy each grateful heart,
 While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
 Their bliss and full salvation see.

366 8s, 7s & 4.

1 MAY the glorious day of promise
 Come and spread its cheerful ray,
 When the scattered sheep of Israel
 Shall no longer go astray;
 When hosannas
 With united voice they cry.

2 Lord! how long wilt thou be angry?
 Shall thy wrath forever burn?
 Rise! redeem thine ancient people;
 Their transgressions from them turn.
 King of Israel!
 Come, and set thy people free!

367 8s, 7s & 4.

1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
 Let the eye of pity gaze;

See the kindreds of the people
 Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
 Darkness brooding
 On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
 Rise and shine—thy blessings bring:
 Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
 Rise with healing on thy wing;
 To thy brightness
 Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring
 Idol-gods of wood and stone,
 Come, and, worshipping before him,
 Serve the living God alone:
 Let thy glory
 Fill the earth as floods the sea.

4 Thou to whom all power is given,
 Speak the word—at thy command,
 Let the company of preachers
 Spread thy name from land to land;
 Lord be with them
 Always to the end of time.

368

8s, 7s & 4.

1 GIRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour,
 Make the word of truth thy car:
 Prosper in thy course, triumphant;
 All success attend thy war;

Gracious victor,
Bring the trophies from afar.

- 2 Majesty combined with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite
To insure thy blessed conquests—
Take possession of thy right:
Ride triumphant,
Dressed in robes of purest light.
- 3 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre!
Blest are all that own thy reign;
Freed from sin—that worst of tyrants—
Rescued from its galling chain;
Saints and angels,
All who knew thee, bless thy reign.

369

C. M.

- 1 HAIL mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign,
At thy commanding word.
- 2 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Ride with majestic sway:
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.
- 3 And when thy victories are complete,
And all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of mercy meet,
To sing thy conquering grace,—

- 4 Oh may my humble soul be found
Among that favored band;
And I with them thy praise shall sound,
Throughout Immanuel's land.

370

H. M.

- 1 ALL hail! incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee, in saered writ,
With joy our eyes behold!
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of g'ory rear.
- 2 Oh haste, victorious Prince,
That glorious, happy day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway:
Oh may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies!
- 3 All hail! triumphant Lord,
Eternal be thy reign:
Behold the nations wait
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand forever sure.

371

C. M.

Enlargement and Glory of the Church.

- 1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God
In latter days shall rise—

Above the summits of the hills—
And draw the wandering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
'Up to the mount of God,' they say,
'And to his house we'll go.'

3 The beams which shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The king who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

372 8s, 7s & 4.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands!
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Lo! thy sun is risen in glory!
God himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasted triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

3 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;

For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 In thy Maker's favor blest;
 All thy conflicts
 End in an eternal rest.

373

S. M.

- 1 RISE, gracious God! and shine
 In all thy saving might;
 Now prosper every good design
 To spread thy glorious light:
- 2 Oh bring the nations near,
 That they may sing thy praise:
 Thy word let all the people hear,
 And learn thy holy ways:
- 3 Put forth thy glorious power!
 All nations then will see;
 And earth present her grateful store
 In converts born to thee.

374

H. M.

Promise.

- 1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
 And raise thy hands on high!
 Tell all the earth thy joys,
 And boast salvation nigh:
 Cheerful in God,
 Arise and shine,
 While rays divine
 Stream all abroad.

- 2 He gilds thy mourning face
 With beams which cannot fade:
 His all-resplendent grace
 He pours around thy head:
 The nations round
 Thy form shall view,
 With lustre new
 Divinely crowned.
- 3 In honor to his name,
 Reflect that sacred light;
 And loud that grace proclaim,
 Which makes thy darkness bright:
 Pursue his praise,
 Till sovereign love,
 In worlds above,
 The glory raise.

PAUSE I.—*Response.*

- 4 Lord of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair,
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are;
 To thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires
 To see my God.
- 5 The sparrow for her young,
 With pleasure seeks a nest;
 And wandering swallows long
 To find their wonted rest:
 My spirit faints
 With equal zeal

To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

6 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

7 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

PAUSE II.—*Experience.*

8 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy,
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

9 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;

With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence.

He will bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace,
And glory too.

- 10 The Lord his people loves
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls.
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts!
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

PAUSE III.—*Triumph.*

- 11 Praise to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wide!
While Jesus' fragrant name
Is breath'd on every side:
Balmy and rich
The odors rise,
And fill the earth,
And reach the skies.

- 12 Ten thousand dying souls
Its influence feel—and live;
Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive
They breathe anew,
And rise and sing
Jesus, the Lord,
Their conq'ring king.

375

8s, 7s & 4.

- 1 YES! we trust the day is breaking;
 Joyful times are near at hand;
 God—the mighty God, is speaking
 By his word, in every land;
 When he chooses,
 Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 While the foe becomes more daring,
 While he enters like a flood,
 God, the Saviour, is preparing
 Means to spread his truth abroad:
 Every language
 Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 3 Oh! 'tis pleasant—'tis reviving
 To our hearts to hear, each day,
 Joyful news from far arriving,
 How the gospel wins its way;
 Those enlightening,
 Who in death and darkness lay.
- 4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let thy people see thy hand;
 Let the gospel be victorious,
 Through the world—in every land;
 Then shall idols
 Perish, Lord—at thy command.

376

L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the heathen waits to know
 The joy the gospel will bestow;
 The exiled captive to receive
 The freedom Jesus has to give.

- 2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labour share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days;
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.
- 4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
And slave, and freeman—Greek, and Jew
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

377

8s & 7s.

- 1 WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.
- 2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.
- 3 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Saviour know;
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.
- 4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine—victorious love.

378

P. M.

Departure of Missionaries.

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!

And, as thy billows flow,
 Bear messengers of mercy
 To every land below.

Arise, ye gales! and waft them
 Safe to the destined shore;

That man may sit in darkness,
 And death's black shade, no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler!

Who holdest in thine arm
 The tempests of the ocean,
 Protect them from all harm!

Thy presence e'er be with them,
 Wherever they may be,

Though far from us who love them—
 Still let them be with thee!

379

S. M.

1 YE messengers of Christ,

His sovereign voice obey;
 Arise, and follow where he leads,
 And peace attend your way!

2 The Master whom you serve

Will needful strength bestow;
 Depending on his promised aid,
 With sacred courage—go.

3 Go, spread the Saviour's fame;

Go, tell his matchless grace;

Proclaim salvation full and free
To Adam's guilty race.

- 1 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's—and will prevail
In spite of all his foes.

380

8s, 7s & 4.

- 1 MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go—proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings—
Tidings of the Saviour's worth.
- 2 Of his gospel not ashamed—
'Tis the power of God to save.
Go where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave:
Blessed freedom!—
Freedom Zion's children have.
- 3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend:
He is with you—
He will guide you to the end.

381

L. M.

- 1 YE Christian heroes, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;

To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire—
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labours all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;
Meet—with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all.

382

L. M.

Subjection of the Nations to Christ prayed for.

1 SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
'That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign!

3 Oh let the glorious anthem swell;
From host to host the triumph tell—
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

383

S. M.

1 GREAT Heir of David's throne!
Thy royal power assume;
Come, reign in faithful hearts alone,
Thou blest Redeemer, come,

- 2 Set up thy throne of grace
 In all the heathen's sight—
 Thy kingdom of true holiness—
 And order it aright.
- 3 Now, for thy promise' sake,
 O'er earth exalted be;
 Thy kingdom, power, and glory take,
 Which all belong to thee.
- 4 In zeal for God and man,
 Thy full salvation bring:
 The universal Monarch reign,
 The saints' eternal King,

384

L. M.

- 1 YES—mighty Jesus! thou shalt reign,
 Till all thy haughty foes submit;
 Till hell, and all her trembling train,
 Become the footstool of thy feet.
- 2 Then, ransomed souls shall bless thy power:
 Thine arm shall full salvation bring:
 Thy saints, in that illustrious hour,
 Shall conquer, with their conquering King.
- 3 Then, ranged thy shining throne around,
 Thy honors, Lord, will we proclaim;
 While heaven's transported realms resound
 Thy glorious deeds and saving name.

385

7s.

- 1 HARK!—the song of jubilee,
 Loud—as mighty thunders roar;

Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore—

2 See Jehovah's banners furled!
Sheathed his sword:—he speaks:—'tis done!
Now the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With supreme, unbounded sway:
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away!

4 Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah!—let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

386 S. M.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Ye ransomed saints, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!

2 The mighty Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he himself had purged our stains,
He took his seat above.

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The sovereign keys of death and hell
Into his hands are given.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,

And humbly bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.

- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his waiting servants up
To their eternal home.

387

7s.

- 1 WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power!
- 2 All ye nations, join and sing,
'Christ, of lords and kings is King!'
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore!
- 3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
'Jesus is the King of kings!'



PRAYER MEETINGS.

388

C. M.

Nature of Prayer.

- 1 PRAYER is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays.'

- 2 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 3 Prayer is not made on earth alone—
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.
- 4 O thou by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod—
Lord, teach us how to pray.

389

S. M.

Encouragement to Prayer.

- 1 AND shall not Jesus hear
His children when they cry?
Yes—though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.
- 2 His nature, truth, and love,
Engage him on their side;
When they are grieved, his bowels move,
And can they be denied?
- 3 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer:
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

390

C. M.

- 1 OUR Father who in heaven art!
All hallowed be thy name;

Thy kingdom come—thy will be done,
Throughout this earthly frame,—

- 2 As cheerfully as 'tis by those
Who dwell with thee on high,
Lord, let thy bounty, day by day,
Our daily food supply.
- 3 As we forgive our enemies,
Thy pardon, Lord, we crave;
Into temptation lead us not,
But us from evil save.
- 4 For kingdom, power, and glory, all
Belong, O Lord, to thee;
Thine, from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

391

C. M.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,

My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

392

S. M.

1 OUR heavenly Father's eye
Sees through the darkest night;
In deep retirement he is nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 Then let that eye survey
Our duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 O God! may heavenly fire
The incense still inflame;
While grateful vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 Oh warm my heart with love,
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

393

L. M.

Desiring the Presence of God.

- 1 MY God, I bow before thy feet;
When shall my soul approach thy seat?
When shall I see thy glorious face,
With mingled majesty and grace?
- 2 How should I love thee, and adore,
With hopes and joys unknown before!
And bid this trifling world begone,
Nor tease my heart so near thy throne,
- 3 My soul should pour out all her cares
In flowing words, or flowing tears;
Thy smiles would ease my sharpest pain,
Nor should I seek my God in vain.

394

C. M.

- 1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of mercy shine:
Oh let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine.
- 2 With thee let every week begin;
With thee each day be spent,
To thee each fleeting hour be given,
Since each by thee is lent.
- 3 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labors cease;—
Till heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

395

C. M.

God's Presence a Comfort in Life.

- 1 OH happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by his word;
His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and power
He stands engaged to hear.
- 3 His presence cheers us in our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
His gracious word dispels our fears;
And gilds the gloom of night.
- 4 Let us enjoy, and highly prize
These tokens of thy love;
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
To worship thee above.

396

C. M.

Sins and Sorrows laid before God.

- 1 OH, that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays—and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God—

I'd plead for his own mercy's sake—
I'd plead my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And drive my foes away;
He knows the meaning of his saints,
When they in sorrow pray.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

397

C. M.

1 OH, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God!
Then should my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

398

S. M

Providence and Grace.

- 1 O THOU, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all!
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
No evil can befall.
- 2 Such are thy wond'rous works,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee,
Throtigh all this wilderness.
- 3 'Tis thine all-powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.
- 4 For such compassions, Lord!
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

399

C. M.

Refuge in God.

- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?

And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

4 No—still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
Oh may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

400

C. M.

1 DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

401

L. M.

Prayer for Protection and Guidance.

- 1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart—it pants for thee,
Oh burst these bonds, and set it free!
- 2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light—be thou my way;
No foes, nor danger will I fear,
While thou, my Saviour, God, art near.
- 3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
To raise my head—and cheer my heart.
- 4 Oh let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill,
Where toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm—and all is peace.

402

C. M.

- 1 AUTHOR of good—to thee we turn:
Thine ever wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern—
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 Oh let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.
- 3 And oh, by error's force subdued,
Since oft, with stubborn will,

We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill;

- 4 Not what we wish—but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good we ask not, Father, grant,
The ill we ask—deny.

403

C. M.

Scripture Characters and Examples.

- 1 RISE, O my soul—pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod,
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who lived and walked with God.
- 2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.
- 3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe;
To his almighty power and grace
Their crowns of life they owe.
- 4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
That led them safe to heaven.

404

C. M.

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above—how great their joys!
How bright their glories be!

- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
And wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them, whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspired their breath;)
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.
-

MAN ADMONISHED BY THE BREVITY
OF LIFE, AND CERTAINTY OF JUDG-
MENT.

405

L. M.

Youth admonished.

- 1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes—indulge your tongue;
Enjoy the day of mirth—but know
There is a day of judgment too.

- 2 God from on high beholds your thoughts;
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.
- 3 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

406

C. M.

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 The soul that longs to see his face
Is sure his love to gain;
And those that early seek his grace
Shall never seek in vain.
- 3 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?
- 4 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

407

C. M.

- 1 CHILDREN, to your Creator, God,
Your early honors pay;
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts astray.

- 2 Be wise—and make his favor sure,
Before the mournful day,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and strength decay.
- 3 The memory of his mighty name
Demands your first regard;
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
Till you have loved the Lord.

408

C. M.

- 1 WHILE in the tender years of youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb;—
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy portion, and thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

409

S. M.

The Young asking for divine Guidance.

- 1 FROM earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.
- 2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;

And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.

- 3 While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe!

- 4 Oh let us never tread
The broad, destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory, and to God.

410

L. M.

Prayer for Youth.

- 1 GREAT Saviour! who didst condescend
Young children in thine arms to take,
Still prove thyself the children's friend,
And save them for thy mercy's sake.
- 2 While in the slippery paths of youth,
Be thou their guardian—thou their guide
That they, directed by their truth,
May never from thy precepts slide.
- 3 To read thy word their hearts incline;
To understand it, light impart:
O Saviour! let their all be thine!
Take full possession of each heart.

411

C. M.

Pleasure of instructing the Young.

- 1 BLEST work! the youthful mind to win,
And turn the rising race
From dark and dangerous paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

- 2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.
- 3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The way, the life, the truth!
- 4 Thy Spirit, Father! on us shed,
And bless this good design!
The honors of thy name be spread;
Be all the glory thine.

412

C. M.

Earthly Pleasures dangerous.

- 1 HOW vain are all things here below;
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
— Shine with deceitful light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys—our nearest friends—
The partners of our blood—
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
'Tis there the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

- 5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
 My soul's eternal food,
 And grace command my heart away
 From all created good.

413

L. M.

Vanity of the World and Happiness of Heaven.

- 1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
 How transient every earthly bliss!
 How slender all the fondest ties,
 That bind us to a world like this!
- 2 The evening cloud—the morning dew—
 The withering grass—the fading flower,
 Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
 The glory of a passing hour!
- 3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
 And all beneath the skies is vain,
 There is a land, whose confines lie
 Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
 If God be ours, we're travelling home,
 Though passing through a vale of tears.

414

S. M.

Religion a Support in Life.

- 1 WHEN gloomy thoughts and fears
 The trembling heart invade,
 And all the face of nature wears
 An universal shade,—
- 2 Religion can assuage
 The tempest of the soul;

And every fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.

3 Through life's bewildered way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid;
Thou, blessed supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thine aid!

5 Oh let me feel thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To cheer my every gloomy hour,
And calm my every grief.

415 C. M.

Human Frailty.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.]

3 Our Maker, God, supports our frame;
In God alone we trust!
Salvation to th' almighty name
That reared us from the dust.

416

C. M.

Time short and misspent.

- 1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
That slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
That break such cords of love!
- 5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

417

C. M.

- 1 THE time is short!—sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While yet 'tis called to-day.
- 2 The time is short!—O sinners, now,
To Christ the Lord submit;

To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

3 The time is short!—ye saints, rejoice—
The Lord will quickly come;
Soon shall you hear the Saviour's voice,
To call you to your home.

4 The time is short!—it swiftly flies—
The hour is just at hand,
When we shall mount above the skies,
And reach the wished-for land.

5 The time is short!—the moment near,
When we shall dwell above;
And be for ever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

418

C. M.

Time the Period to prepare for Eternity.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do—where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

3 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

4 Eternal joy—or endless wo
Attends on every breath!

And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

- 5 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

419

L. M.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God hath given
T' escape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace—and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might, pursue;
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 4 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

420

S. M.

- 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arisc and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;

Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
Oh! be that still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

421

S. M.

Exhortation to work while it is Day.

1 THE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
For know, its Maker can command
An instant, endless night.

3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere;
Submissive, at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break
Through all the horrid gloom,

And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

422

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE—awake! each sluggish soul,
Awake—and view the setting sun!
See how the shades of death advance,
Ere half the task of life is done!
- 2 Soon will he close our drowsy eyes,
Nor shall we hear these warnings more:
Soon will the mighty Judge approach;
Ev'n now he stands before the door!
- 3 To-day, attend his gracious voice!
And hear the summons which he sends—
“Awake! for on this passing hour,
Thy long eternity depends!”
- 4 O Saviour! let these awful scenes
Be ever present to our view:
Teach us to gird our loins about,
And trim our dying lamps anew.
- 5 Then, when the king of terror comes,
Our souls shall hail the happy day:
Haste, then, O Saviour, from above,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay!

423

C. M.

Trust in God in Old Age.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

- 2 In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.
- 3 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.
- 4 Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

424

C. M.

Meditation on Death.

- 1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that used to rise,
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.
- 2 But oh, the soul!—that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!—
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies—
And track its wondrous way.
- 3 And must my body faint and die?
And must my soul remove?
Oh! for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!
4. Jesus, to thine almighty hand
My naked soul I trust;
And waits my flesh for thy command,
To drop into the dust.

425

C. M.

Death and Judgment appointed to all.

- 1 HEAVEN has confirmed the dread decree,
That Adam's race must die:
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds,
In every funeral knell!
- 3 Once you must die—and once for all—
The solemn purport weigh:
For know, that heaven or hell is hung
On that important day!
- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,
Must wake, the Judge to see;
And every word—and every thought—
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 Oh may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend;
And, far beyond the reach of death
With all his saints ascend.

426

C. M.

Admonition to prepare for Death.

- 1 LIFE is a span—a fleeting hour—
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That ev'n in blooming—dies.

- 2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears—
Thy Saviour dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears—
There joys shall never die.

427

C. M.

- 1 WHEN youth and age are snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
And bow at God's command.
- 2 When love still prompts the rising sigh,
With awful power impressed,
Let this dread truth, "I too must die!"
Sink deep in every breast!
- 3 May this vain world o'ercome no more!
Behold the opening tomb!
It bids us use the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this instructive scene
Let every heart obey!
Nor be the faithful warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 Lord! let us to our refuge fly!

Thine arm alone can save:

Give us, through Christ, the victory,

To triumph o'er the grave!

428

C. M.

Prayer for Support in Death.

1 WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,

My trembling soul shall stand,

And wait to pass death's awful flood,

Great God, at thy command;—

2 Thou Source of life and joy supreme,

Whose arm alone can save,

Dispel the darkness that surrounds

The entrance to the grave!

3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand,

Beneath my sinking head,

And let a beam of life divine

Illume my dying bed.

429

C. M.

Preparation for Death.

1 IF I must die, oh! let me die

With hope in Jesus' blood—

The blood that saves from sin and guilt,

And reconciles to God.

2 If I must die, oh! let me die

In peace with all mankind,

And change these fleeting joys below

For pleasures more refined.

- 3 If I must die—and die I must—
 Let some kind seraph come,
 And bear me on his friendly wing
 To my celestial home.
- 4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
 May I but have a view;
 Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
 I'll boldly venture through.

430

C. M.

Faith giving Victory over Death.

- 1 OH for an overcoming faith
 'To cheer my dying hours!
 To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
 And all his frightful powers!
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
 My quivering lips should sing,
 'Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
 And where the monster's sting?'
- 3 Now to the God of victory
 Immortal thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conquerors while we die,
 Through Christ, our living Head.

431

C. M.

Triumph over Death in Hope of the Resurrection.

- 1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
 And nature must decay;
 I yield my body to the dust,
 To dwell with fellow clay.

- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My great Redeemer ever lives,
My God, my Saviour, comes.
- 3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,
High on a royal seat;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.
- 4 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong, immortal eyes,
And feast upon thine unknown grace,
With pleasure and surprise.

432

L. M.

The peaceful Death of the Righteous.

- 1 SWEET is the scene when Christians die,
When holy souls retire to rest
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing:
O grave! where is thy victory now,
And where, O death, where is thy sting!

433

S. M.

- 1 OH for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!

- Oh be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.
- 2 Their bodies, in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.
- 3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.
- 4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.
- 5 Oh for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

134

The dying Christian to his Soul.

- VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature—cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!
- 2 Hark!—they whisper—angels say,
“Sister spirit, come away.”
What is this absorbs me quite?—
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—

Drowns my spirits—draws my breath?—
Tell me, my soul—can this be death?

- 3 The world recedes—it disappears—
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!—
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
“O grave! where is thy victory!
O death! where is thy sting!”

435

C. M.

Submission under the Loss of Friends.

- 1 PEACE! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death;
That mars that form to us so dear,
And gathers back the breath.
- 2 'Tis he—the King and Lord supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Silent we own Jehovah's name;
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts, and our life,
To his supreme command.

436

S. M.

Hope of the Resurrection.

- 1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?

And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And frequent from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love—
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

5 Accept, O Lord, the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

437

S. M.

Resurrection and Judgment.

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge, with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

- 3 How shall I leave my tomb?—
With triumph or regret?—
A fearful or a joyful doom—
A curse, or blessing meet?
- 4 I must from God be driven—
Or with my Saviour dwell:
Must come at his command to heaven—
Or else depart—to hell.
- 5 O thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery;—
- 6 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That, when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

438

8s, 7s & 4.

- 1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes—he comes to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing.
Shall the true Messiah see!

- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away;
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the summons of that day—
 “Come to judgment!—
 Come to judgment!—come away.”
- 4 Yea, amen!—let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Make thy righteous sentence known!
 Oh come quickly—
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!

439

8s, 7s & 4.

- 1 DAY of judgment—day of wonders!
 Hark!—the trumpet’s awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round!
 How the summons
 Will the sinner’s heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Clothed in majesty divine!
 You, who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, “This God is mine!”
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine!
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea;
 All the powers of nature, shaken
 By his looks, prepare to flee:
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee?

- 4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below;
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

440

S. M.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?
- 3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Flee to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

441

8s, 7s & 4.

The Judgment welcomed by the Righteous.

- 1 LO! he cometh—countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels

See their great, exalted Head:

Hallelujah!

Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear!

Truth and justice go before him—

Now the joyful sentence hear:

Hallelujah!

Welcome, welcome, Judge divine,

3 “Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy;

Banish all your fears and sorrows;

Endless praise be your employ:”

Hallelujah!

Welcome, welcome to the skies!

442

C. M.

Banishment from God intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th’ appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys—
Thou Sovereign of my heart—
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word—“Depart.”

3 Oh! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

- 4 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

443

S. M.

Reward and Punishment.

- 1 OH where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound—
Or pierce to either pole!
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above;
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh what eternal horrors hang
Around the "second death!"
- 5 Thou God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
Forevermore undone.

444

C. M.

Holiness of Heaven.

- 1 NOR eye hath seen—nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known

What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.

- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;—
No wanton lips, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

445

C. M.

Glories of Heaven.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 No cloud those blissful regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.
- 4 Oh may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!

Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

446

C. M.

The Heavenly Rest.

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
Where thou art loved alone.
- 2 Eternal Spirit, make me know
That I shall enter in;
Blest Saviour, now thy power bestow,
And wash me from my sin.
- 3 Oh take this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.
- 4 Come, my Redeemer, come away,
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my end.

447

8s & 6s.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given:
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found alone—in heaven.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sins and sorrows driven;
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise—and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 The heart with anguish riven;
 It views the tempest passing by,
 See evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene—in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom;
 Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
 Appears the dawn—of heaven.

448

C. M.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

- 1 JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
 Name ever dear to me!
 When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths have no end?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 No sin nor sorrow know:
 Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
 I onward press to you.

- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

449

7s.

The Saints in Glory.

- 1 HIGH, in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love!
- 2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts—distressing fears—
Torturing pain—and heavy wo.
- 3 Happy spirits! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.
- 4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark—their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!

450

C. M.

- 1 HOW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free!

- With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see!
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb," aloud they cry,
"That brought us near to God:"
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The virtue of his blood.
- 3 Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
Ambitious to proclaim,
Before the Father's awful throne,
The honors of the Lamb.
- 4 With wondering joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past;
And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.
- 5 Lord, let the merit of thy death
To me be likewise given;
And I, with them, will shout thy praise
Through all the courts of heaven.

451

C. M.

- 1 HOW far beyond our mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells!
A vail of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.
- 2 Oh could my longing spirit rise,
On strong, immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King!—
- 3 There thousands worship at thy feet,
And there—divine employ!—

- Thy love triumphant they repeat
In songs of endless joy.
- 4 Thy presence beams eternal day,
O'er all the blissful place;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face?
-

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

452

8s & 7s.

Pardon implored for National Sins.

- 1 DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise:
- 2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.
- 3 Let that love veil our transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.
- 4 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

453

C. M.

Judgments for National Sins deprecated.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Lord! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone
Our dying hopes depend.
- 2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!
- 4 Oh turn us—turn us, mighty Lord,
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.
- 5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not sink in fear;
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When thou, O God, art near.

454

L. M.

God acknowledged in National Blessings.

- 1 GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise—
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown

To this fair land the pilgrims trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

- 3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray,—
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.
- 4 We praise thee, that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
- 5 Great God! preserve us in thy fear;
In danger still our guardian be;
Oh spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

455

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;—
- 2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy power we see—thy greatness own;
Yet, cherished by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.
- 3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.
- 4 Led on by thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread;

And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

- 5 Great God, our guardian, guide, and friend!
Oh still thy sheltering arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last!

456

L. M.

Prayer for National Gratitude and Holiness:

- 1 LORD! let thy goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour, and our King:
- 2 Let every public temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise;
Let every peaceful private home
A temple, Lord, to thee become.
- 3 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere:

457

C. M.

In Behalf of charitable Objects generally.

- 1 HIGH on a throne of light, O Lord!
Dost thou exalted shine!
What can our poverty bestow,
Since all the world is thine?
- 2 But thou hast brethren here below,
The children of thy grace,

Whose humble names thou wilt confess
Before thy Father's face.

3 In them mayest thou be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered;
And, in their accents of distress—
Our Saviour's voice be heard.

4 Whate'er our willing hands can give,
Lord, at thy feet we lay;
Grace will the humble gift receive,
And grace at length repay.

458

S. M.

1 THY bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own;
We praise thy providential care,
That showers its blessings down.

2 With joy thy people bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
With thankful souls, behold, we pay
A tribute of thine own.

3 Oh may this sacrifice
To thee, the Lord, ascend,
An odor of a sweet perfume,
Presented by his hand.

4 Well pleased our God shall view
The products of his grace;
With endless life shall he fulfil
His kindest promises.

459

C. M.

In Behalf of the Poor:

- 1 BRIGHT Source of everlasting love;
To thee our souls we raise;
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.
- 2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life
With every cheering ray;
And still restrains the rising tear;
Or wipes that tear away.
- 3 When, sunk in guilt, our souls approached
The borders of despair,
Thy grace, through Jesus' blood, proclaimed
A free salvation near.
- 4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord!
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness we can yield
Extendeth not to thee.
- 5 To tents of wo—to beds of pain,
We cheerfully repair;
And, with the gift thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners' care.
- 6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be glad;
The hungering soul with joy we'll point
To Christ, the living bread.

460

C. M.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;

- To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain;—
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A brother's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
- 5 Himself, through Christ, hath mercy found,
Free mercy from above;
That mercy moves him to fulfil
The perfect law of love.

461

H. M.

For Sabbath Schools.

- 1 COME, let our voices join
In joyful songs of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise.
To God alone all praise belongs—
Our earliest and our latest songs.
- 2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine:

To God alone all praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

3 Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:
To God alone your offerings bring;
Let young and old his praises sing.

4 Lord, let this work of love
Be crowned with full success!
Let thousands, yet unborn,
Thy sacred name here bless!
To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee
We'll raise throughout eternity.

462

L. M.

In Behalf of Widows and Orphans.

- 1 THOU God of hope! to thee we bow;
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The husband of the widow thou,
The father of the fatherless!
- 2 The poor are thy peculiar care;
To them thy promises are sure:
Thy gifts the poor in spirit share;
Oh may we always thus be poor!
- 3 May we thy law of love fulfil,
To bear each other's burdens here;
Suffer and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.
- 4 Thou God of hope! to thee we bow,
Thou art our refuge in distress;

The husband of the widow thou,
The father of the fatherless!

463

C. M.

- 1 OH gracious Lord, whose mercies rise
Above our utmost need!
Incline thine ear unto our cry,
And hear the orphan plead.
- 2 Bereft of all a mother's love,
And all a father's care,
Lord, whither shall we flee for help?
To whom direct our prayer?
- 3 To thee we flee—to thee we pray—
Thou shalt our Father be:
More than the fondest parent's care
We find, O Lord, in thee.
- 4 Already thou hast heard our cry;
And wiped away our tears;
Thy mercy has a refuge found
To guard our helpless years.
- 5 Oh let thy love descend on those
Who pity to us show;
Nor let their children ever taste
The orphan's cup of wo.

464

L. M.

On Opening a Place of Worship.

- 1 HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee;
Oh choose it for thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.

- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear, thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive:
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong,
Hosanna! let the angels sing.
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?
- 6 Thy glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

465

7s.

- 1 LORD of Hosts; to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

- 3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky,
To the joyful sound reply,
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

466

L. M.

- 1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his heavenly throne,
Avow our temples for his own?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us, sinful mortals, near.
- 3 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
- 5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

467

H. M.

- 1 GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, oh! deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.
- 2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.
- 3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.
- 4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphims above:
Till all who humbly seek thy face
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

468

C. M.

- 1 GREAT Sovereign of the earth and sky,
And Lord of all below;
Before thy glorious Majesty
Ten thousand seraphs bow.

- 2 Yet thou art not confined above;
Thy presence knows no bound;
Where'er thy praying people meet,
There thou art always found.
- 3 Behold, a temple raised for thee;
Oh meet thy people here:
Here, O thou King of saints, reside,
And in thy church appear.
- 4 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 5 Here may salvation be proclaimed,
By thy most precious blood;
Let sinners know the joyful sound,
And own their Saviour, God.
- 6 Here may a numerous crowd arise,
To bow before thy throne;
Here may their songs salute the skies,
To ages yet unborn.

469

C. M.

Death and Burial of Christians.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call us to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
To heaven's desired abode?—
Why should we wish the hours more slow,
Which keep us from our God?

- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the Saviour's body lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord his saints shall fly
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

470

L. M.

- 1 UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds—no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept—God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave, and blest the bed.
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

471

C. M.

Those blessed who die in the Lord.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead!
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed,
2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
They're freed from every snare.
3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

472

C. M.

Death of a Minister.

- 1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
That view a Saviour nigh?
2 What though the conquering arm of death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Are numbered with the dead?

- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust—
 The aged and the young—
 The watchful eye in darkness closed,
 And mute th' instructive tongue;—
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
 New comfort to impart;
 His eye still guides us—and his voice
 Still animates our heart.
- 5 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord,
 "Your safeguard and your guide;
 Your Saviour still—and happy they
 Who in my love confide!
- 6 Through every scene of life and death,
 This promise is our trust;
 And this shall be our children's song,
 When we are cold in dust.

473

C. M.

Meditation on the Tomb.

- 1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound;
 My ears, attend the cry—
 "Ye living men, come view the ground
 Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers;
 The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
 Must lie as low as ours!"
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure?
 Still walking downwards to the tomb,
 And yet prepare no more!

- 4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

474

C. M.

A Warning from the Grave.

- 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.
- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.
- 3 Turn, mortal, turn!—thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!
- 4 Turn, Christian, turn!—thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell,
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live for heaven—or hell.

475

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, my soul, the narrow bound
That marks the passing year!
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,

When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet, like an idle tale we pass
The swiftly gliding year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Awake, O God! each trifling heart
Its great concern to see,
That all may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear the willing soul
To joy which never dies.

476

S. M

Rapid Flight of Time.

1 MY few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears,
When past—'tis but a day!—

2 A dark and cloudy day,
Made up of grief and sin;
A host of dangerous foes without,
And guilt and fear within.

3 Lord, through another year,
If thou permit my stay,
With watchful care may I pursue
The true and living way!

477

C. M.

Reflections at the End of the Year.

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake my soul—with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes?—how sure?—how fair
What is thy great concern?
- 4 Behold, another year begins!
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

478

L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL God! I bless thy name,
The same thy power—thy grace the same;
The tokens of thy friendly care
Begin, and close, and crown the year.
- 2 Supported by thy guardian hand,
Amid ten thousand deaths I stand,

And see, when I survey thy ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led me on—
Thus far I make thy mercy known;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful voice on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

479

7s.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait;
But how little—none can know.

2 Spared to see another year,
Let thy blessing meet us here;
Come, thy dying work revive,
Bid thy drooping garden thrive;
Sun of righteousness, arise!
Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes:
Let our prayer thy pity move;
Make this year a time of love.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view;

Bless thy word to old and young,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

480

C. M.

Salvation approaching.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.
 - 2 Swift on the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near:
Then gladly view each closing day,
And each revolving year!
 - 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.
 - 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.
-

TIMES AND SEASONS.

481

C. M.

Spring.

- 1 WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray;

And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day.

2 Hark! how the feathered warblers sing!

'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

3 O God of nature, and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
And love, and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

482

S. M.

1 GREAT God, at thy command
Seasons in order rise:
Thy power and love in concert reign
Through earth, and seas, and skies.

2 How balmy is the air!
How warm the sun's bright beams!
While, to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.

3 With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass, and herbs, and waving corn,
Adorn and bless the land.

483

8s.

- 1 THE winter is over and gone,
The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
The lark mounts and warbles away.
- 2 Shall every creature around
Their voices in concert unite,
And I, the most favored, be found,
In praising, to take less delight?
- 3 Awake, then, my harp, and my lute!
Sweet organs, your notes softly swell!
No longer my lips shall be mute,
The Saviour's high praises to tell!
- 4 His love in my heart shed abroad,
My graces shall bloom as the spring;
This temple, his Spirit's abode,
My joy, as my duty, to sing.

484

C. M.

Harvest.

- 1 TO praise the bounteous Lord of all,
Wake all our thankful powers;
He calls, and at his call come forth
The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His covenant with the earth he keeps,
His goodness we will sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
And harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Teach us, O gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;

Shine on our souls—and with thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

485

L. M.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 GOD of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 Oh! like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just—thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

486

C. M.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes:
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame:
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 How many wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.
- 5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

487

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth—and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.
- 3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

488

C. M.

- 1 GOD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise:
Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.
- 2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.
- 3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.
- 4 Oh let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend:
From every danger—every snare,
My heedless steps defend.
- 5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

481

7s.

1. THOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.

- 2 Thou didst hear my evening cry;
Thy preserving hand was nigh;
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.
- 3 Thou hast kept me through the night,
'Twas thy hand restored the light:
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.
- 4 Still my feet are prone to stray;
Oh! preserve me through the day:
Dangers every where abound;
Sins and snares beset me round.
- 5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

490

L. M.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

- 5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

491

C. M.

- 1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offering of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But oh! how few returns of love
Hath my Redeemer found!
- 4 What have I done for him who died
To save my guilty soul?
Alas! my sins are multiplied
Fast as my minutes roll!
- 5 Yet, with this guilty heart of mine,
Lord, to thy cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

492

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;

Oh let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Thy love and power, celestial guard,
Preserve me from surrounding harm:
Can danger reach me while the Lord
Extends his kind, protecting arm?

4 Let this blest hope my eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

493

C. M.

1 IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
Oh, in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love!—

3 Or, if this night should prove the last,
And end my transient days,
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

494

C. M.

- 1 INDULGENT God, whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown,
Oh let my grateful praise and prayer
Arise before thy throne.
- 2 What mercies has this day bestowed!
How largely hast thou blest!
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.
- 3 Now may soft slumber close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free;
And let my waking thoughts arise,
To meditate on thee.
- 4 Thus bless each future day and night,
Till life's vain scene is o'er;
And then to realms of endless light
Oh let my spirit soar.

495

S. M.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh may I ever keep in mind
The night of death draws near.
- 2 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 3 And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

- 4 Lord, when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Oh may I in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

496

L. M.

A Hymn for Morning or Evening.

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new!
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

497

C. M.

- 1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.
- 2 That was a most amazing power
That raised us with a word;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The rising morn cannot assure
That we shall end the day;

For death stands ready at the door
To hurry us away.

4 Our life is forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every breath we draw.

5 God is our sun—whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble frame lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

498

C. M.

1 ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

499

C. M.

- 1 YES—I will bless thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God!
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes:
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.
- 4 There shall my lips in endless praise
Their grateful tribute pay:
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

500

C. M.

- 1 MY God, my King, to thee I'll raise
My voice and all my powers;
Unwearied songs of sacred praise
Shall fill the circling hours.
- 2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue
While suns shall set and rise,
And tune my everlasting song
When time and nature dies,

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

501 *Spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 NOW we hail the happy dawning
Of the gospel's glorious light,
May it take the wings of morning,
And dispel the shades of night;
Blessed Saviour,
Let our eyes behold the sight.
- 2 Where, amid the desert dreary,
Plant, nor shrub, nor flowret grows,
There refresh the wand'rer weary,
With the sight of Sharon's rose;
And its beauties
To the longing eye disclose.
- 3 Where the beasts of prey are prowling,
And the murd'rous serpents hiss,
There exchange the dismal howling
For the pleasing calm of peace;
And for ever
May destruction's empire cease.
- 4 O, let all the world adore thee—
Universal be thy fame;
Kings and subjects fall before thee,
And extol thy matchless name;
All ascribing
Endless praises to the Lamb.

502 *Aspiring to Immortality.*

- 1 IN this world of sin and sorrow,
Compass'd round with every care,

From eternity we borrow
Hope that may exclude despair.
Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,
In the glass of faith we see!
O assist each faint endeavor,
Raise our earth-born souls to thee.

- 2 Place that awful scene before us,
Of the last tremendous day,
When to light thou wilt restore us;
Ling'ring ages haste away!
Then this vile and sinful nature
Incorruption shall put on!
Life-renewing, glorious Saviour!
Let thy gracious will be done!

503

Pilgrimage.

- 1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us;
Lead us in thy perfect way.
- 2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

504

Looking to Jesus.

- 1 O MY soul, what means this sadness,
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy grief be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fear be gone:
Look to Jesus;
Trust in him, and him alone.
- 2 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee;
Though thy heart is prone to sin;
Jesus lives; he'll ne'er forget thee;
He will make thee pure within.
He is faithful;
None shall find his promise vain.

505

Redeeming Love.

- 1 HAIL, Immanuel, ever gracious!
Thy redeeming love I sing!
To my soul thy name is precious;
Thou, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
O, how precious,
Thou, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 2 Once with Adam's race, in ruin,
Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour pass'd that way.
Still pursuing,
Till my Saviour pass'd that way.
- 3 Witness, all ye hosts of heav'n,
My Redeemer's tenderness!
Love I much? Ah! much forgiv'n!
I'm a miracle of grace.

Much forgiv'n;
I'm a miracle of grace.

506 *"Come unto me."*

1 COME, let us draw near,
The Saviour to hear,
As he speaks in the accents of love;
"He that cometh to me,
Shall from sin be set free,
And be welcom'd to mansions above.

2 "Who in me confide,
Shall safely outride
All the tempests that lour beneath;
With the ransom'd shall soar
To eternity's shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 "Through me they shall come
To their permanent home,
The fruition of heaven to prove:
By love they shall rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love."

507 *Mourning Penitents.*

1 DROOPING souls, no longer mourn,
Jesus still is precious:
If to him you now return,
Heav'n will be propitious.
Jesus now is passing by,
Calling wand'ers near him:
Drooping souls, you need not die;
Go to him and hear him.

- 2 He has pardons, full and free,
 Drooping souls to gladden;
 Still he cries, "Come unto me,
 Weary, heavy laden."
 Tho' your sins, like mountains high,
 Rise, and reach to heaven,
 Soon as you on him rely,
 All shall be forgiven.
- 3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
 All his saints adore him;
 He to save the dying came,
 Prostrate bow before him.
 Wand'ring sinners, now return:
 Contrite souls, believe him!
 Jesus calls you; cease to mourn:
 Worship him; receive him.

508

Conviction.

- 1 DYING souls, fast bound in sin,
 Trembling and repining,—
 With no ray of light divine
 On your pathway shining,
 Why in darkness wander on,
 Fill'd with consternation;
 Jesus lives: in him alone
 Can you find salvation.
- 2 Worthless all your righteousness;
 You the law have broken:
 Flee you then to sov'reign grace!
 Mercy thus hath spoken.
 Why in deeds that you have done
 Seek for consolation?

Jesus lives: in him alone

Can you find salvation.

3 Linger not in all the plain,

Vengeance is pursuing:

'Mid the dying and the slain,

Save your souls from ruin.

Flee to him who can atone;

Flee from condemnation!

Jesus lives: in him alone

Can you find salvation.

509 *Pleading for Assistance.*

1 JESUS, our Prince and Saviour,

May sinners, sick and poor,

Thro' thy atoning favor,

Approach to mercy's door!

We come in spirit broken,

Before thy throne of grace:

O grant us some kind token,

And bid us go in peace.

2 Lord, we are helpless creatures,

Unworthy, but in need;

In all our moral features

By nature wholly dead:

Our strength is perfect weakness,

Our hearts are prone to sin,

Deficient still in meekness,

While passions rage within.

3 Now hear our supplication,

We fervently implore;

Restore us thy salvation,

And we shall want no more.

Upheld by thy free Spirit,
We'll celebrate thy praise,
Till sinners feel thy merit,
And sing converting grace.

510 *The Great Physician.*

- 1 HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole:
There is but one Physician
Can save a ruin'd soul!
Nigh unto death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To show to all around me
His wond'rous pow'r to save.
- 2 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Then come to this Physician,
For life he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—LOOK, AND LIVE!

511 *Light in Darkness.*

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Ev'ry poor, benighted heart.
Come and manifest thy favor
To the ransom'd, helpless race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour!
Come, and bring the gospel grace.
- 3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O, thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Ev'ry burden'd soul release;
Ev'ry weary, wand'ring spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

512

Love divine.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art:
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast:
Let us all thy grace inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest.
Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away;

- End the work of thy beginning,
 Bring us to eternal day.
- 3 Carry on thy new creation,
 Pure and holy may we be;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by thee.
 Change from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

513

Zion.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode.
 On the Rock of Ages founded—
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 To supply thy sons and daughters,
 And the fears of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows, thy thirst t' assuage?
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

514

Rejoicing in God's Ways.

- 1 NOW let our voices join
 To form a sacred song;

- Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways
With music pass along.
See flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring:
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
- 2 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise,
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.
All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way;
To Him who leads the wand'ers on
To realms of endless day.

515

The Warning.

- 1 SINNER, stop! O stop and think,
Nor onward dare to go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
On the verge of ruin stop;
Now the friendly warning take;
Stay your footsteps ere you drop
Into the burning lake.
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

516

Heavenly Riches.

- 1 AH, tell me no more
Of the worldling's vain store,
The time for such trifling with me now is o'er.
- 2 A country I've found
Where true riches abound,
And songs of salvation for ever resound.
- 3 The souls that believe,
And pardon receive,
Are thitherward trav'ling for ever to live.
- 3 Then let us not stray
In the tempter's dark way,
But follow our Saviour to regions of day.

517

Star of the East.

- 1 BRIGHTNESS of glory, thou god of the
morning, [aid!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
Shine like the star, the horizon adorning;
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head, with the beasts of the
stall;
Sages adore him, in slumbers reclining;
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall they yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the
mine?

- 4 Vainly they offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure,
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor

518 *Christ, and him crucified.*

- 1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood.
All thy pleasure I forego;
All thy wealth, and all thy pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 2 Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore;
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more.
Rivers of salvation flow
From his head, his hands, his side:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end:
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend—
Daily in his grace to grow,
In his favor to abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

519

Dying Saint.

- 1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ending,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attending,
To the sight of Jesus, go.
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
See, the Saviour stands above;
Shows the fulness of his merit;
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 2 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain:
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign;
Struggle through thy latest passion
To the dear Redeemer's breast;
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

520

Matthew 16: 24.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shalt be.
Let the world neglect and leave me:
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hopes have oft deceived me:
Thou art faithful, thou art true.
- 2 Perish earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure—
With thy favor life is gain.

Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy bleeding love I see;
Oh! 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me.

521 *Happiness only in God.*

- 1 TELL me, wand'rer, wildly roving,
From the path that leads to peace,
Pleasure's false enchantment loving,
When will thy delusion cease?
Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,
I could kneel at pleasure's shrine;
Then my brightest hopes were bounded
By delights as false as thine.
- 2 But those visions scarce had bless'd me,
When that fleeting day was o'er;
Then the world, that had caress'd me,
Charm'd me with its smiles no more.
Such is pleasure's transient story;
Lasting happiness is known
Only in the path to glory—
In the Saviour's love alone.

522 *A Look from the Cross.*

- 1 I SAW one hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.
- 2 Sure never, to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

- 3 Alas, I knew not what I did,
But all my tears were vain;
Where could my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord had slain.
- 4 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die, that thou may'st live."
- 5 "Thus while my death thy sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals thy pardon too!"

523

C. M.

- 1 OUR Canaan is Immanuel's ground,
We seek that promised soil:
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

CHORUS—*I am bound for the promis'd land!
O who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the promis'd land!*

- 2 Our powers are oft dissolv'd away
In our Immanuel's love;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fix'd above.
- 3 He'll purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

- 4 Fair Lebanon shall hear his voice,
And lands where Jordan flows,
With Sharon's desert shall rejoice,
And blossom as the rose.

524

P. M.

- 1 YES, I will extol thee,
Lord of life and light,
For thine arm upheld me,
Put my foes to flight;
I implor'd thy mercy,
'Thou wert swift to save;
Heal my wounded spirit,
Bring me from the grave.
- 2 O, ye saints, sing praises,
Call his love to mind,
For a moment angry,
But for ever kind;
Grief may like a pilgrim
Through the night sojourn:
Yet shall joy to-morrow
With the sun return.

525

Trust in God.

- 1 GOD of our salvation,
Unto thee we pray;
Hear our supplication,
Be our strength and stay;
Wretched and unworthy,
Poor, and sick, and blind,
Prostrate we adore thee,
Call thy grace to mind.

- 2 He that dwelleth near thee
Safely shall abide;
Ever love and fear thee,
In thy strength confide:
Sure is thy protection,
Safe is thy defence,
While in deep affliction,
Woe or pestilence.
- 3 God of our salvation,
Saviour, Prince of peace,
Boundless thy compassion,
Infinite thy grace:
While, with love unceasing,
Humbly we adore,
Grant us thy rich blessing,
And we ask no more.

526 *Ye must be Born Again.*

- 1 AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go:
One solemn truth increas'd my pain,
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.
- 2 How did the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load!
All human aid I saw was vain;
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

- 3 I heard the saints with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
To bring salvation near:
Yet would the dreadful truth remain;
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink in black despair.
- 4 But while I thus in anguish lay
The bleeding Saviour pass'd that way,
My bondage to remove:
The sinner once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

527 *Foretaste of Heaven,*

- 1 ON Pisgah's top I now would stand,
Once more to view the promis'd land,
The land of thy abode:
The land where fruits immortal grow,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Forth from the throne of God.
- 2 Oh that my soul were fill'd with thee;
With visions of thy majesty
And condescending love!
Then would its gilded pinions, Lord,
Be ready at the Master's word,
To take its flight above.

528 C. M.

Doubting.

- 1 O THAT I knew it were the case,
My soul was born of God,

- And find myself among that race,
Wash'd in a Saviour's blood.
- 2 The time has been I thought I knew
The blest Redeemer's voice;
I thought I lost my burden too,
And felt my heart rejoice.
- 3 I thought my will was then resign'd
To the Redeemer's ways,
And felt my inmost soul inclin'd
To tell the world his grace.
- 4 But O! too soon the scene was turn'd,
I lost the pleasing view;
I lost that sweetness once I found,
Lost earthly pleasures too.
- 5 O Jesus, wilt thou now appear
With thine almighty arm;
These clouds expel, my standing clear,
And show me what I am.

529

Temperance.

- 1 HOW long shall virtue languish?
How long shall folly reign?
While many a heart with anguish
Is weeping o'er the slain?
How long shall dissipation
Her deadly waters pour,
Throughout this favor'd nation,
Her millions to devour?
- 2 When shall the veil of blindness
Fall from the sons of wealth,

Restoring human kindness
And industry and health?
When shall the charm so luring
Of bad example cease;
The ends at once securing,
Of industry and peace?

- 3 We hail with joy unceasing,
The Band whose pledge is giv'n;
Whose numbers are increasing
Amid the smiles of Heav'n:
Their virtues never failing
Shall lead to brighter days,
When holiness, prevailing,
Shall fill the earth with praise.

530 *Deep Contrition.*

- 1 JESUS, save my dying soul;
Make the broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.
- 2 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joy of sin forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.
- 3 All my guilt to thee is known,
Thou art righteous, thou alone.
All my help is from thy cross;
All beside I count but loss.
- 4 Lord in thee I now believe;
Wilt thou—wilt thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie;
Saviour leave me not to die,

531

P. M.

Intercession.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before thy throne my Saviour stands,
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
With his redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood was spilt for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 The bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary,
Pour forth effectual prayers,
And strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry!
Nor let the ransom'd sinner die.
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 To God I'm reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:

With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father! cry:

532

L. M.

The School of Christ.

- 1 THERE is a school on earth begun,
Instructed by the Holy One;
He calls his pupils there, to prove
The sweetness of redeeming love.
- 2 The school book is the scripture true;
The lessons are forever new;
In this the pupils are agreed,
It is a blessed school indeed.
- 3 'Tis here the blind may learn to see;
Then come, ye blind, the school is free;
And here the lame may learn to walk;
The dumb may also learn to talk.
- 4 'Tis here the deaf may learn to hear;
Then come ye deaf, and lend an ear;
Listen to Jesus' pleasant voice,
He'll make your mourning souls rejoice.
- 5 Come brethren, you who are at school,
Attention pay to every rule;
Here may we learn the happy art
Of loving God with all our heart.

533

13s.

Zion's light shining.

- 1 THE glorious light of Zion is spreading far
and wide,
And sinners they are coming into the gospel tide.

The standard of King Jesus in glorious triumph flies,
And sinners crowd around it, with joy and sweet surprise.

2 The suff'rings of our Saviour upon Mount Calvary

Are sounding sweet to sinners, come, this will make you free,

And now the glorious message is circulating round,

Some souls expos'd to ruin redeeming love have found.

3 And of that happy number I hope that I am one,

And Jesus he will finish the work he has begun:
He'll cut it short in righteousness, and I'll forever be

A monument of mercy through all eternity.

4 I am but a young convert who lately did enlist,
A soldier under Jesus, my Captain, King, and Priest;

I have received my bounty, likewise my martial dress,

A ring of love and favor, a robe of righteousness.

5 Then down into the water where the young converts go,

To serve their Lord and Master, in righteous acts below,

I'll lay my sinful body beneath the yielding wave, [grave.

An emblem of my Saviour when he lay in the

6 Ah! sinners, think what Jesus has done for
 you and me,
 Behold his precious body hang bleeding on the
 tree,
 His bleeding head, his hands, his side, to you
 he doth display,
 O then my fellow sinners how can you stay away
 7 And now my elder brethren, who're soldiers
 of the cross,
 Who, for the sake of Jesus, have counted all
 things dross;
 Come pray for us young converts, that we may
 travel on,
 And meet you all in glory, where our Redeem-
 er's gone.

534

7s.

Longing for Heaven.

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above;
 And from that flowing fountain,
 Drink everlasting love.
 When shall I be delivered
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus
 Drink endless pleasures in?
 2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before,
 He's given me my orders,
 And bid me not give o'er;
 And since he has prov'd faithful,
 A righteous crown he'll give,

And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

- 3 Through grace, I am determin'd
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love, I'll fly,
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu;
And O my friends prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.
- 5 Our eyes shall then with rapture
The Saviour's face behold;
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold;
Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing;
Our tongues shall chant the glories
Of our immortal king.

535

C. P. M.

Revival blessings.

- 1 The Lord into his garden come,
The spices yield a rich perfume;

- The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing show'rs of grace divine
From Jesus flow to ev'ry vine,
Which makes the dead revive.
- 2 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
Come, taste and see the pardon free
To all mankind, as well as me;
Who come to Christ may live.
- 3 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour pitiful and kind,
Who will them all relieve:
None are too late if they repent;
Out of one sinner legions went,
Jesus did him receive.

536

8s, 7s & 4.

Prayer for a Revival.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance:
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
- 3 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;

- O permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.
- 4 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this blest hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

537

5 & 6.

Trusting in Christ.

- I BEGONE unbelief,
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief,
Will surely appear.
By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform:
With Christ in the vessel
I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken
Will surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think,

He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite through.

4 Determin'd to save,
He watch'd o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death;
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame?

5 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The med'cine is food;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then O how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

538

8s.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
The woodlands, the fields, and the flow'rs
Have lost all their sweetness to me.
His name yields the richest perfume,
And softer than music his voice;
His presence can banish my gloom,
And bid all within me rejoice.

- 2 Dear Lord, if indeed thou art mine,
And thou art my light and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive those dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul cheering presence restore,
Or bid me soar upward on high,
Where winter and storms are no more.

539

C. M.

The Prodigal's return.

- 1 THE prodigal with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wand'rings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.
- 2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land;
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.
- 3 With deep repentance I'll return
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be call'd a son,
I'll ask a servant's place.
- 4 Far off He saw him slowly move,
In pensive silence mourn;
The Father ran with arms of love
To welcome his return.
- 5 Thro' all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tun'd their harps anew;
The prodigal is found!

540

S. M.

The Gospel Pool.

- 1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor;
From time to time my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move;
And others round me stepping in,
Their efficacy prove.
- 3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.
- 4 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought,
Is not for such as I.
- 5 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.
- 6 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

541

11s.

Precious Promises.

- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;

What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge hath fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy God and will still give thee aid,
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
stand,

Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand

4 When through the deep waters I call thee to
go,

The rivers of trouble shall not thee overflow,
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When thro' fi'ry trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

6 E'en down to old age, all my people shall
prove

My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love,
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs, they shall still in my bosom be
borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake.

542

L. M.

The hiding place.

- 1 HAIL, sov'reign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man:
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place!
- 2 Against the God that built the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high:
Despis'd the mansions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 3 Enwrap't in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light;
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding-place!
- 5 But lo! th' eternal council rang,
Almighty love arrest the man:
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.
- 5 Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried, with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding-place!
- 6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel soon appear'd;
Who led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.
- 7 On him almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell:
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.

543

L. M.

Jesus the Way to Heaven.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone;
He, whom I fix my hopes upon!
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went—
The road that leads from banishment—
The king's highway of holiness—
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not:
My grief, my burden, long has been
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the Way.
- 5 Lo, glad I come, and thou bless'd Lamb,
Shall take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

544

L. M.

Loving Kindness of the Lord.

- 1 AWAKE my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise,

- He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great!
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from Jesus to depart;
But though I've often him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon I shall pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

545

P. M.

I WHEN on my beloved I gaze,
So dazzling his beauties appear;

- His charms so transcendently blaze,
The sight is too melting to bear.
- 2 When from my own vileness I turn
To Jesus, expos'd on the tree,
With shame and with wonder I burn,
To think what he suffer'd for me.
- 3 My sins, O how black they appear,
When in that dear bosom they meet!
Those sins were the nails and the spear,
That wounded his hands and his feet.
- 4 'Twas justice that wreath'd for his head
The thorns that encircled it round:
Thy temples, Immanuel, bled,
That mine might with glory be crown'd.
- 5 The wonderful love of his heart,
Where he has recorded my name,
On earth can be known but in part;
Heav'n only can bear the full flame.

546

P. M.

- 1 SEE the Lord of glory dying,
See him gasping; hear him crying;
See his burden'd bosom heave.
Look, ye sinners, you that hung him,
Look how deep your sins have stung him!
Dying sinners, look and live.
- 2 Hell, and all the pow'rs infernal,
Vanquish'd by the King eternal,
When he pour'd the vital flood;—
By his groans, which shook creation,
Lo! we found a proclamation—
Peace and pardon by his blood.

- 3 Shout, ye saints, with admiration!
Fill with songs the wide creation!
Since he's risen from the grave;—
Shout, with joyful acclamation
To the Rock of your salvation,
Who alone has power to save.
- 4 Bear, with patience, tribulation,
Overcoming all temptation,
Till the glorious jubilee;—
Soon he'll come with bursts of thunder!
Then shall we adore and wonder,
Singing on the highest key.

547 *The Proclamation.*

- 1 BRETHREN hear the proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Published to ev'ry creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature.

Chorus.

- Jesus reigns! he reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious.
- 2 Shout, ye tongues of ev'ry nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The almighty King of Zion!
- 3 Now our souls have caught new fire;
Brethren raise your voices higher;
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the Rock of our salvation!
- 4 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention
Of the Lord, our great redemption!

Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory!

548 *Aspiring after Heaven.*

- 1 FROM ev'ry earthly pleasure,
From ev'ry transient joy,
From ev'ry mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die:
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.
- 2 From ev'ry piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow—
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light;
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.
- 3 'Tis true we are but strangers
And sojourners here below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go;
Though painful and distressing,
There is a rest above,
And onward we are pressing,
To reach that land of love.

- 1 TO God the Father—God the Son,
And God the Spirit—three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth—and all in heaven.
- 2 LET God, the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.
- 3 YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father—love the Son,
And bless the spirit too.
- 4 TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, | Thy name we sing,
Eternal King, | While faith adores.
- 5 SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love.
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
- 6 GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.

